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Mystery of the Cosmic Rays That Bombard the Earth

Science Not Able to Understand This
Newly Discovered Invisible Energy
Which Rains Down Upon Us, Even
Though Hidden in Our Homes

By PROFESSOR LUCIEN RUDAUX,

The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director
of the Danville Observatory, France.

THAT distinguished body, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently listened tensely while two of the most eminent modern scientists, both Nobel Prize winners, disputed over the cosmic rays.

What are these rays, and why are they so important that they were one of the main motives prompting Professor Picard to risk his life in ascending to heights never before reached by man? Their importance lies in the mystery of what they are. If Professor Robert A. Millikan is right, they are photons, beams of light. If the theory of his former pupil, Professor Arthur H. Compton, is correct, they are electrons, tiny electric charges, when they reach the outer ranges of the earth's atmosphere. Also, where do they originate?

When Professor Picard reached the highest point of his rise into the stratosphere he was astonished to find that his instruments told him that these mysterious rays were not only pouring down on him, as was to be expected, from the sky, but coming at him from all directions.

Are these rays forged in the mighty furnace of the sun and other stars or right in the icy cold of the stratosphere, or are they "birth-rites" of matter being born in some nebula so far away that they started traveling toward the earth long before the first cave-man gazed at the aurora borealis? The answer to these questions may indicate the way to the riddles of the universe, such as where everything came from, what keeps the sun and all the stars burning, and will they burn out some day?

If someone could answer these questions with assurance would it be of any practical value—would it provide so much as one unemployed person with one square meal? Not during the present depression—but it might prevent the next one, because the stars and planets seem to be built on a large scale of the same general plan as on a small scale are built the atoms of matter or the protoplasm of potatoes, beans and even human beings. An American scientist talked recently of "galaxies" (milky ways) and "hot points" within the protoplasm of each of the billions of microscopic cells which got together to make up the human body. If scientists can understand the secrets of the big universe, which, though too huge to tamper with, is big enough to study more easily, they may be able to solve the life and death problems inside of man and his foodstuffs.

Benjamin Franklin getting sparks from a kite in a thunderstorm seemed to his practical-minded neighbors to be fooling with something that could never be of any use. Yet these sparks, jumping across the points of spark plugs, help to drive the automobiles of the world, to say nothing of turning the wheels of industry and providing light.

Prof. Millikan's cosmic rays, which seem to spark from star to star, probably will never turn a useful wheel during his life, yet whatever creates them may turn out to be the prime mover of all creation. With this in their minds, the scientists are not surprised that Prof. Picard stakes his life and dozens of other scientists scatter to the most distant parts of the globe with ray counters in the hope of finding out just a little bit more about the mystery.

The photon of ray of light theory presupposes that the cosmic rays reach the outer atmosphere in the form of waves, of the same sort as those which reach the earth, but in greater number. Ordinary light waves are stopped by the thinnest film of lead, yet so penetrating are the cosmic rays that they go through six feet and a half of solid lead.

On the ocean waves have to be long to have power. Waves only a yard long, that is, from crest to crest, would not upset a rowing boat. As far as length is concerned, the cosmic rays would seem to be the most contemptible little ripples in all the universe, for they are less than a hundred-billionth part of an inch in wavelength. Such waves on the ocean would not even go over the rubbers of many as small as the tiniest known microbes.

These rays cannot be seen, nor do they have any visible effect on photographic film, but night and day pass through roofs and floors of buildings as well as the bodies of the people within. X-rays also pass through people without any sensation at the time, but if the exposure is prolonged hours and even death follow.



A Diagrammatic and Pictorial Explanation of the Bombardment of the Earth by Solar Electrons, According to the Hypothesis That They Are the Cause of the Polar Auroras and the Cosmic Rays. Only a Few Streams of Electrons, Bent by the Earth's Magnetic Field, Are Shown, in Order Not to Confuse the Figures. MM, Direction of the Axis of the Magnetic Pole. EE, Pathway of the Electrons Around This Axis and Touching at CC Certain Gaseous Molecules. The Secondary Electrons B Are Liberated and Produce the Auroras A Around the Pole. CC, General Light Glow Around the Earth. EE, Paths of Electrons Coming at CC Into Full Collision With Molecules, Thus Producing the Cosmic Rays RR, Which Appear to Flow from All Directions.

To Be Protected Completely Against the Cosmic Rays a Man Would Have to Take Refuge Behind a Shield of Lead Six Feet Six Inches Thick, or Hide Under Nearly One Hundred Feet of Water.

If cosmic rays had any such effects we would all be dead or, rather, our ancestors would never have been born.

This does not mean, however, that the rays have no more influence on our health and behavior than the sound waves of a siren on a deaf man. Science has found certain protective and automatic regulating devices by which the earth itself dilutes the strength and regulates the daily dosage of these rays. The air acts somewhat like a glass roof on a sanatorium, and the aurora borealis seems to be part of the regulating machinery.

These invisible rays were first suspected and detected for the same reason that an embankment in a bank is run down, on account of shortage. A simple little instrument, called an electroscope, revealed that an electrically charged body is robbed of its charge by no visible legitimate means. By eliminating all other possible culprits science finally identified the "burglar" as this cosmic ray. Six feet six inches of lead keep it out, but so will a little less than 100 feet of water, though ordinary light rays penetrate much farther than that into the ocean. As there is animal life in the blackest depths of the sea, this shows that at least some creatures thrive without the cosmic rays.

Ever since man had brains enough to wonder at what he undoubtedly gazed with awe at these polar fireworks known as the auroras and felt that something mighty and important was going on. Just now the auroras are being studied in connection with the cosmic rays.

All forms of invisible rays produce many phenomena, some of which show themselves in the form of very striking spectacles which laboratory experiments can produce with the help of vacuum tubes. When we apply a certain electric tension to one of these tubes containing a very rarefied gas there flows from its negative or cathode pole a stream of elementary bodies called "electrons." These electrons move with a high speed, depending on the tension applied, and separate the very sensitive gaseous molecules, electrifying them either negatively or positively. This phenomenon, called "ionization," shows itself through a flow of light, the color of which is different with every gas.

Now, if a magnetic field of force, developing in curious curves of equal intensity around a magnet, be turned on the electrons they are clearly influenced. The phenomena which then takes place enables us to

A Form of the Polar Aurora, Having Intermittent Rays Shooting From the Luminous Arc, Which Lights Up the Sky in the Direction of the Magnetic Pole.

explain the formation of the polar auroras. But in the case of the latter, instead of looking at the little experiment in a laboratory, we are in the presence of the immensity of the elements and forces operating in space.

The polar auroras appear as mysterious lights, undulating capriciously, going out and lighting up again in the depth of our sky. Although they may be divided into a few distinct types and variations of intensity, their bewildering movements and the strangeness of some of their manifestations make them spectacles which seem of infinite variety. They generally occur at a height of about sixty miles, but they may be seen at much greater heights, sometimes reaching up to 300 or 400 miles. In these regions, which escape direct investigation, the atmosphere is of extreme thinness and its exact composition is still unknown to us; but this thinness is very similar to that of the vacuum tubes of the laboratories. Therefore, if we admit that the polar auroras are due to phenomena like those of the experiments mentioned, we shall next try to find out whence come the electrons which ionize the rarefied molecules of the upper atmosphere.

Most scientists seem to agree in attributing their origin to the sun, which is capable of sending them forth with prodigious energy in all directions around itself in space. According to the quite recent hypothesis of a French scientist, M. Dauvillier, these electrons are thrown off by certain parts of the sun's surface which we can see in the form of small bright spots, some alone and others in groups. Telescopic observation shows them almost as dots, called "grains of rice," but we must remember that these grains are enormous, having in some cases a size equal to that of the entire earth. The discharge of these electrons from the sun must take place under the influence of an almost unimaginable electric tension. The electrons are thrown into space with a speed practically equal to that of light, that is to say, 186,000 miles per second.

When they arrive in the neighborhood of the earth,

which is like a colossal magnet, the electrons are turned from the straight road, for they meet the "lines of force" of the earth's magnetic field, which drive them into complicated paths, as may be seen from an accompanying picture. The penetration of the electrons into the highly rarefied upper atmospheric layers gives rise to the phenomena of "ionization," which takes visible form in the wonderful light effects of the polar auroras.

The mechanism of the auroras, which can only be sketched here in its main lines on account of its complexity, has been made clear by the magnificent researches of the Norwegian scientists, Birkeland and Stormer. They reproduced the auroras in their laboratory with the help of a small magnetic sphere representing the earth and receiving a stream of electrons whose paths would be calculated.

What is commonly called the aurora borealis, or aurora australis, with all the fairytale spectacles it presents in far northern and southern latitudes, is a kind of luminous electric storm more or less localized. These phenomena occur as a result of a special difference in the flow of the electrons.

To this bombardment of our earth by electrified particles coming from the sun Dauvillier's theory attributes the production of the cosmic rays. We have seen at the beginning that these rays seem to come from all directions, for they are received at night as well as by day. For this reason it has been suggested that they come from all space surrounding the earth. The new theory admits that they are produced by solar electrons, but holds that instead of grazing the gaseous molecules and liberating from them the secondary electrons causing the luminous effects of the auroras, they meet certain electrons head on, and these collisions give rise to X-rays of extremely short wave length. These conditions occur all around the globe, for the solar electrons flow in a curve because they are shaped by the magnetic field. Thus, according to this theory of the production of the cosmic rays, they would seem to come from all points in space.

If we do not accept this theory it may be asked if the rays do not come to us directly from the sun, simply underlying at a certain point the influence that makes them flow around the earth. Here it should be said that the researches conducted by Professor Compton in both hemispheres suggest that the cosmic rays are influenced by the earth's magnetic field. It would be very interesting in this connection to make experiments in the Polar regions in order to find out if the electrification of the air by the rays is a consequence of the phenomena which produce the auroras.

The hypothesis of the solar origin of the cosmic rays, as has just been summarized, is logical and seductive, but we must remark that certain facts do not agree

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Where Boys Are Caged and Beaten to Prove Their Right to Marry



Below—An Unusual Photograph of African Boys in the Cages Where They Are Confined For Days Before Their Pre-Nuptial Whippings.

(Photos Courtesy of Natural History, Chicago.)

While the Prospective Brides Look On, the Boys of the Tribe Take Turns in Flogging One Another. Only Those Who Stand the Painful Beating Without Flinching Are Allowed to Pick Themselves a Mate.

AMERICAN young men sometimes think that their be-arranged marriage is a hard one because they have to go through the ordeal of "asking father" and, in the course of the asking, subject themselves to what seems to them an unnecessary and needless "third degree" at the hands of prospective fathers-in-law.

If these romantic young swains think they have a difficult time of it providing their fitness to become husbands and to bring from the world the dowry that to maintain a domestic establishment, they should visit some

of the jungle villages of Nigeria, Africa, as the members of the Frederick H. Raven-Field Museum Ethnological Expedition did not long ago, and look upon the tribal shenanigans by which the black boys in that part of the world have to demonstrate their mature masculinity and their readiness for marriage.

In Nigeria young men who have come of age in the Fulani tribe have to subject themselves to a thorough and painful beating in the presence of their elders, some of whom carry out the ancient ritual, and of the dusky debutantes of the tribe. One of the

photographs on this page shows a would-be husband taking his beating without a whimper, and another shows some of the prospective brides watching the seemingly brutal proceedings. They do not miss a bruising whack of the rod because they know that somewhere in the ranks of the beaten stand, stoic and smiling, their future husbands.

Wilfrid Dyson Hamblly, one of the

members of the expedition that had the privilege of seeing what might be called the test of manhood, thus describes the rite: "I noted the drummers, the girls in their best attire, with neatly braided hair, and the white-robed chiefs in charge of the ritual. A boy entered the arena and held a sword above his head. Another boy of about the same age flourished a thick, upple stick, keeping time to the

music with a simple dance. The stick descended with a sickening whack, leaving a broad welt. More flourishing of the stick, more dancing and another vicious blow delivered. But the victim smiled and danced a few steps, not with any great enthusiasm, yet enough to show his oblivion to pain. He took his beating like a man.

"I was glad to see the sufferer take the stick and inflict similar chastisement on his persecutor, but the boys were good friends and, after the whipping ceremonies, they fraternized and, together, accepted the acclamation of the girls."

In Camamba, Portuguese East Africa, similar rites are staged—and

the boy who comes through them without a whimper is indeed a man deserving of some dusky maiden's affection. Here the young men are temporarily banished to the bush, some distance from the village. They sleep in wicker cages—like those shown in the photograph above—and are allowed no covering and very little food.

Sometimes the would-be men die of privation and exposure, but that, to use an American phrase, is just too bad. The boys who survive, after their banishment, are brought back to their village where, in elaborate ceremonies, their manhood is publicly recognized and they are free to go a-wooing and to marry.

Scientists Find Toys 1000 Years Old

ARCHAEOLOGISTS digging in the soil which covers the ancient cemetery of Monte Alban, Mexico, recently brought to light a touching and interesting fact about the kind of life the Zapotec Indians led a thousand years ago and more. They know that these red-skinned citizens of Central America were religious, artistic and cultured. But they did not know—until they came upon the grave of a little girl—that the Zapotecs provided their youngsters with much the same sort of playthings that American boys and girls have today.

Inside the long-forgotten tomb the scientists found the skeleton of a child, perhaps nine or ten years old when she died. Banged carefully about her body were the toys that she had played with, laid there, no doubt, by the hands of the grieving parents.

Chief among the objects was a remarkably good representation of an Indian baby. The condition of the relic indicated that it had been handled a great deal, so though it might have been the favorite doll of the deceased. With this was a bright red tiger with a ruffled collar about its neck, a whistle in the shape of an owl—also painted a gay red—and a dish of clay

with a diminutive likeness of a human head for a handle. Every one of the ancient playthings was made of clay and revealed considerable skill on the part of some Zapotec artisan.

This discovery was something more than an interesting picture of child life in the Mexico of ten centuries ago. It is the most ancient grave yet uncovered in the burial ground and it is the first of its kind yet discovered in this section of the Western Hemisphere.

The archaeologists are not sure, of course, but they believe that the occupant of the tomb was the daughter of some powerful or well-to-do Zapotec because of the original and artistic workmanship of the playthings which she kept with her, even in death.



This Fair Exerciser Actually Isn't a Three-Headed Individual The Illusion Was Created by a Clever Cameraman Who Snapped Three Separate Poses of the Girl While She Performed Her Daily Maneuvers on a Landlubber's Rowing Machine and Then Combined the Poses in a Single Picture.

Mystery of the Cosmic Rays

(Continued from Front Page)

with it in some respects. It has been objected, for instance, that if the rays are sent from the sun we should notice a marked decrease of them during an eclipse caused by the interposition of the moon, which would prevent a certain quantity of rays from reaching the earth.

Now, to mention a recent fact, the total eclipse of the sun, visible in North America on August 31st, last, showed no such decrease. In order to test this Captain A. W. Stevens flew in an airplane to a height of 27,000 feet and could not record any decrease of the rays, as far as his instruments could show them. This negative observation permits us to believe, if they are not due to some peculiarity which we do not understand, that the cosmic rays have their origin outside of the sun. We are thus led to those hypotheses which assert that the mysterious rays come either from the stars or the nebulae, or from the vast regions in space beyond our ken and possessing unknown characters.

But, on the other hand, the recent observations of Professor Picard seem to prove that the cosmic rays are simply of atmospheric origin. The reception of the rays from all directions, so interestingly observed by Professor Picard, permits the suspicion that there is a sort of envelope around the earth having radio-active properties. Let us remark here that this is in agreement with the previous theory, which holds that cosmic rays are formed in the heart of the atmosphere by the collision of solar electrons.

If nothing arrested this torrent of electrons or photons, there is little doubt that this world would be barren. All land life would be destroyed, and though marine creatures, living from the 100-foot level down, would feel nothing, they would soon starve to death. The creatures of the ocean depths may be said to eat at Nature's second table, from scraps that fall from the first table, up in the lighted areas and are washed down

from the land by rivers. These scraps run all the way from microscopic vegetable forms to such storable portions as the remains of a whale, to say nothing of an occasional human body.

Fortunately, Nature knows how to protect itself, and that is just why the magnetic field is there to play the part of a true regulator. If the electrified torrent undergoes an extraordinary increase it is automatically corrected by the magnetized iron kernel of our globe and the power of the magnetic field is augmented and the flow of the electrons turned away with more force.

Therefore, it may be said, that what we receive is properly measured out, as are the ultra-violet rays of the sun, which would blind us if the atmospheric screen did not modify them sufficiently. Thus, it may be asserted that we do not run any danger from the stream of electrons. We may go further than that and say that it appears proven from recent physiological studies that the ionization of living bodies is useful. The way we are constantly bathed and penetrated by many kinds of rays is, no doubt, indispensable to the proper working of life and is part of the admirable organization of nature. Any changes in the quantity of rays received involve consequences whose seriousness is hard to calculate fully.

If it shall be proven that all these rays come from the sun, must we not believe that changes in the latter have an effect on our personality? In this way many mysterious disturbances of human equilibrium at certain times might be explained. To mention only a few instances, it has been suggested that there is a relation between unusual activity of the sun and the number of cases of insanity, suicide and crime. A similar influence may be seen in the plant world, affecting the abundance and quality of crops.

Shall we some day send sick persons to the upper regions of the atmosphere to take strong health-giving baths of cosmic rays, or shall we capture these rays and bring them down to be used on the surface of the earth? This is a secret of the future.

The Big and Little of the Dog Show

THE Great Dane is one of the biggest breeds of thoroughbred dogs that patience and skill on the part of dog fanciers have developed. And the Mexican Chihuahua is at the other end of the line—a pint-size dog that can be comfortably accommodated in an overcoat pocket.

The photograph, which was taken at a dog show recently held in Pasadena, California—shows, in a striking way, the difference in size between these two blue-blooded and well-established breeds.

When the Great Dane is well trained it is one of the gentlest of dogs, in spite of its huge size, its strength and its fighting ability. It is even-tempered and will stand a lot of abuse from thoughtless youngsters without taking so much as a warning nip at its annoyers.

The diminutive Chihuahua, on the other hand, is often nervous and short-tempered and inclined to "zap" in rather amusing and futile ferocity when it is aroused.

A study of the picture reveals something of the distinguishing traits of the biggest and smallest entries in the California show. The Great Dane, whether he liked posing in this rather absurd "poodle" or not, is calmly and obediently minding his mistress. He is trying his hardest to stand still and "look pleasant."

The dog in the bag was much harder to manage and submitted to the ordeal after something of an outburst of canine pugnacity. The expression on its face shows plainly that it had little use for the whole silly business, including his heavy and generously proportioned cousin.

3 Heads for the Pretty Athlete

BACK in the days when the Greeks and Romans made the world the superstitious populace of the nations believed that there were such monstrosities as hydra-headed beasts and two-faced gods. In certain countries of the East millions still believe in the good and evil powers vested in deities with extra pairs of arms and legs. But every enlightened person

blessed with a sane mind knows that such creatures exist only in the airy realm of legend and mythology, and no one is fooled by such pictures as the one which shows a perfectly normal and healthy young woman, apparently equipped with three distinct heads and a tower of such hazy and uncertain form that she might well be a vision beheld floating in the murk of a crystal-gazer's seance.

Such amusing tricks of photography have been made by cameramen, especially those who have the opportunity to play with the up-to-date equipment in the studios of Hollywood. The picture of the triple-headed beauty—her name is Mary Mason and she makes her home in California—pulling away at the handles of a land-lubber's boat, is an interesting example of the imagination and skill possible in a triple exposure taken with modern photographic equipment.

If the cameraman had been so disposed, he could have given the comely athlete half a dozen heads instead of three, and by telling her just how to manipulate her body he could have given her more arms and legs than the most bizarre of the centipede-like gods of certain countries of the East.



It Takes All Kinds of Dogs to Make a Dog Show. This Amazing Picture Taken at Pasadena, California, Shows a Great Dane Holding a Handbag Full of Mexican Chihuahuas.

Greater than the Fabled Romance of Cinderella

Astonishing Career of a Japanese Girl Who Was Sold Into a Life of Shame, Was Rescued From a Tokio Den of Vice, Marries Her Rescuer and Helps Him Climb From Obscure Poverty to Premier of Japan and Thus From a White Slave Geisha Girl Becomes a Countess and Lady of the Imperial Court

The Prisons Where the White Slaves of Tokio Are Held, in the District Known as the "Yoshiwara." Each Girl Is Bought and Paid For by the Proprietor of the House, and She Is Not Permitted to Leave the Red Light District Without a Written Pass From Her Owner and Master.



The Late Countess Yamamoto, as She Appeared Shortly Before Her Death the Other Day.

"AM the unworthy answer to your prayer."

The handsome young naval lieutenant stood bowing in the presence of the woman he knew as a courtesan, a woman whom any man could have for an evening by paying her price, just as he had paid in order to see her.

"It's you!" she gasped, the forced gay smile and all the other tricks of the trained Geisha girl for captivating her customers, vanishing as tears of shame filled her eyes. Then began the most remarkable romance of modern Japan, perhaps of any country since Pericles and Aspasia of ancient Greece. Together they plotted to defy the Mikado's government, the ruler of society and seemingly even the gods themselves. But probably the gods were not very angry, otherwise how could such astonishing things have happened?

The romance began one dawn as Gombel Yamamoto, a poor, young naval lieutenant, whose ambitions would require that he marry a bride from some rich and influential family, was passing through the "red-light" district of Tokio. Glancing upward he saw a pretty young girl leaning against a pillar on the second story of a disreputable house, weeping and praying to the gods of old Japan.

As all the houses in that segregated district were of one kind, the young man knew that she was a woman like all the others who must yield herself to any man who would pay the price set on her charms by the people who ran the house. His Samurai ancestors would have turned in their graves and his poor but noble parents might have committed hara-kiri at the thought of their boy marrying such a soiled woman.

Of course, Gombel had no such impossible thought, but she was very young and very lovely and she was praying for deliverance from a multitude of men to just one, some husband whom she could love and honor, and for a home and children.

Gombel Yamamoto knew that one must not ask impossible things of the gods, but she was beguiled in distress and it had its usual effect. The youth stopped, looked and listened. Then he addressed the girl softly and had just learned her name when a muscular arm reached out of the house and roughly pulled her out of sight.

The lieutenant turned sadly away. He did not inform the police that a girl had been "white-slaved" and was being held as a prisoner against her will because they would have said, "What of it?"

In Japan the law is on the side of the "white-slaver" for the reason that he has bought the girl from her parents for cash and they have signed a legal, binding contract. If she escaped, the police would hunt her down and return her to her masters, who would have the right to beat and otherwise punish the runaway.

The young man returned to his ship but as it cruised the Straits of Tsushima, where later his navy was destined to crush the naval power of Russia, the face of that girl and her hopeless prayer to the old gods, haunted him. Next time he had shore leave, the young officer went straight to that shameful house in the red-light district and asked to see the girl. There was only one way by which this could be done. He inquired the price and paid it, though it took all the money he had. Then followed that long talk during which pity on one side and gratitude on the other turned into love. That meant ruin of his career,

the youth had no doubt, but rescue and marry her he would at any cost.

There was one way by which this could be done legally. He asked the girl's owner how much it would cost to buy her freedom and was told a price beyond the resources of himself and all his friends. The Japanese do not indulge in emotional theatrics, so the young man merely remarked that it was a little high and that he would have to think it over.

He thought busily, assisted by some of his brother officers. The result was that he appeared again as a customer for the charms of Kanako Tsuwawa. As a possible purchaser outright for the girl, the management of the house indulged the youth's request for the use of a certain corner room where he would "have more privacy." Besides privacy this room had a window opening on an alley. At midnight Yamamoto opened this window cautiously, but could see nothing except darkness and rain below from which a faint whistle arose. Quickly and silently he tied a silken rope around the "devil's" waist and lowered her into the darkness. As he did so shadowy forms surrounded and took her away as he followed, down the rope.

She was out of her prison but that meant little, because the Yoshiwara, or red-light district, is always carefully patrolled by the police, who permit no Geisha girl to leave its boundaries without a police permit, applied for and signed by her owners. But those shadowy forms were Yamamoto's older brother and several young naval officers, who had brought with them a complete midshipman's uniform from the nearby naval academy. Disguised in this and with the paint rubbed from her lips and cheeks, she passed the police unnoted.

Discovery came with the morning, and though the girl was hidden, her rescuer was known, making it impossible long to escape the hand of the law, which was set on their trail by the indignant proprietors of the house. There was no question of their legal rights, but while the police were searching, things began to happen. The newspapers of Tokio were informed of the elopement and told their readers how a fisherman of Niigata, needing money for nets, had sold into "white-slavery" his pretty third daughter according to ancient custom.

Besides this first involvement, the purchaser had given Kanako a long and expensive course of training in all the arts and wiles of the Geisha's profession, including a sort of "finishing school" course in manners and etiquette, singing, dancing and repartee, so that she was fit for any society and a much more interesting companion than 999 respectable wives out of 1,000.

For all this the purchaser was entitled to his money back with interest, and a reasonable profit, but a young naval officer, son of an impoverished family of the old nobility, had stolen her. He had no money, but wished to marry



The Young Naval Officer Paid the Price and Secured a Room in the Tokio Red Light Resort, Selecting One Which Had a Window Opening on an Alley. In the Early Morning Hours, Before Dawn, He Tied a Rope Around the Unfortunate Geisha Girl and Lowered Her Out of the Window. A Group of His Brother Naval Officers Were on the Ground to Receive the Girl, and the Young Lover Immediately Followed Her, Climbing Down the Rope Hand Over Hand. They Had Brought a Naval Cadet's Uniform, and When the Girl Had Slipped Into These Clothes the Party Made Their Escape From the District Without Arousing Suspicion.



Admiral Count Yamamoto, Former Premier of Japan, Wearing Some of His Medals, Honors and Decorations.



A Japanese Geisha Girl.

her, and to do so had resigned from the navy and thrown away his career.

The public decided that this was price enough to pay and some of the house's best customers advised the proprietor to let the girl go. Owners of other houses, however, cried out that this would be establishing a precedent which might ruin them and therefore he must make an example of this case since the whole country was so interested and make the law take its course. Then came a deputation of young naval officers who visited the girl's legal owner. The talk was polite as Japanese talks always are, and though there were no threats of violence, because threats are rude, there may have been hints that something unfortunate might possibly happen to that proprietor. Anyway he called off the police.

Young Yamamoto came out of hiding and married his Geisha bride, but since both had resigned from their callings, defied the laws of their country and because the gods command everyone to obey the country's laws, disobeyed even by them, how would they live? A strange thing happened.

Yamamoto found himself a celebrity with millions of well-wishers. A man in such a position might rise high in politics provided he had the peculiar shrewdness of a kind rarely found in naval officers. It was the lack of this that made Admiral George Dewey, when he could have had the Presidency of the United States or most anything else, after sinking the Spanish fleet at Manila, fumble and lose the golden opportunity.

Young Yamamoto, blunt, straightforward, honest, lacked it also, but his wife made up for it. Trained in the Geisha girl's devious arts of captivating men, she guided her husband in what to do and say. Her instinct never failed; with the result that the romantic headstrong boy, who is now Admiral Count Gombel Yamamoto, rose rapidly to a position of power and wealth only second to the Throne, Prince Kinmochi Saionji, the last "gentle" or elder statesman. So rich has this poor boy risen that he is the country's shining example pointed out by parents to encourage their sons.

Shepherd then knowing how to tell her husband the way to manage men was the fact that the Countess to the day of her death recently knew better than to attempt managing the women. Woman is woman, the world over, and her sex would never forget nor let her live down the unhappy knowledge that in her girlhood she had once been "all things to all men." With high surprise in fact she kept herself in the background. Though her husband's position

entitled her to rank at court as second lady in the land below Royalty, she never insisted on it, always allowing women who were far her inferior mentally and sometimes morally no better than they should have been, to strut themselves as her superiors. In time many women had better sense and insisted on this great and powerful court lady occupying socially something like her rightful position and their action made that of the snubbers ridiculous.

No woman ever achieved a happier domestic life. Besides living happily with her husband and guiding him to greatness, her daughters have married into the best families, one of her sons-in-law being Admiral Takarabe, former Minister of the Navy and one of the country's most influential men. Her son is Commander Kiyoshi Yamamoto, a dashing young naval man, much admired by Japanese youth and holding promise of rising to the very top. The other day the Countess died at the age of 74, leaving 30 grandchildren, and an entire nation mourned the passing of this matriarch who started life so badly through no fault of her own.

Her triumph eclipsed that of Cinderella because, though both started as poverty-stricken drudges, unlike Cinderella, Kanako had the curse of shame thrust upon her and no fairy godmother. Naturally this remarkable woman's career has had a powerful influence on the unfortunate class of women from which she rose. Because of her example, the Japanese Women's Patriotic League expects to get a law passed which will free every one of those "slaves."

It will be a simple edict, granting these girls the same privilege as any other of the Mikado's subjects, of going and coming throughout the Empire as they please. The effect will be that all who wish can simply go back home and their purchasers cannot do anything about it. Knowing this, there will be no more dazing of needy parents of pretty daughters by handfuls of gold clinked under their noses, and therefore the Geisha girl will soon be like her European and American counterpart, a volunteer in the life of shame, a woman who is too lazy or stupid to earn her keep in any honest way.

While the story of Countess Yamamoto is exceptional it was not unusual in olden times for men of prominence to marry courtesans or to be made prominent through the aid of courtesans, who have played a large part in Japanese life from time immemorial. Some of the men who, with Count Yamamoto, are regarded as having helped to lay the foundations of modern Japan, married courtesans. In fact, it might well be said that the greatest of them did, for such men as the late Marquis Koura Inouye; Prince Hirobumi Ito, who wrote the Japanese Constitution; Mr. Fumimaro, many of the greatest and the highest and closest advisers of the Emperor; Prince Arimoto Yamagata, who built the modern army of Japan; Marquis Jutaro Komura, greatest Foreign Minister in Japanese history and who negotiated the Portsmouth treaty after the Russo-Japanese war; and Prince Taro Katsura, dictator and one of the greatest modern statesmen, all took courtesans for their wives.

Many of them married young and no one disputes the fact that their wives contributed much to their success, for it is a matter of record that many of the country's greatest women have been courtesans. Today, however, few of the leading men of the country are married to courtesans, for Westernized Japan has come to a new understanding of what constitutes good morals.

Germany's interesting Hospital for Pet Birds



Sick Birds Respond. During Their Convalescence, to Sweet Music, the Bird Doctors Have Learned. This Indisposed Eagle Is Enjoying an Outdoor Violin Solo.

HERE and there about the world there are bird sanctuaries where the feathered friends of mankind are protected by law and allowed to live as Nature intended them to live, without molestation by sportsmen and hunters who stalk the creatures for profit. And, of course, there are numerous aviaries in zoos where birds of many species are kept in comfort so that people may enjoy looking at them and watching their antics. But nowhere else in the world is there another institution quite like the famous bird observatory at Garmisch, Germany, where the pictures on this page were taken.

In a way this is a bird sanctuary maintained and managed by Dr. Haenel, the celebrated Bavarian ornithologist, for hunting is not allowed on the sizable reservation. But it is more than a place where birds can seek refuge from snarls and guns, for the center of the establishment is a bird hospital where surgical and medical treatment are given such of the thousands of winged visitors to the place as stand in need of these humane services.

No discrimination is shown between

paying and free patients. Many people bring bird pets there for treatment—canaries and parrots and cockatoos—but these guests receive no better attention than ailing wild birds that come to the preserve because they know, in their strange way of finding out about such things, that they will not be trapped or shot at.

One of the photographs above shows one of the doctors on the staff of the bird hospital checking the weight of an ailed and sickly canary which has been under his expert care for several weeks. The bird is confined in a tube so that it cannot fly away. The woman who brought the pet to the hospital was worried because it had ceased to sing. She had no idea why the bird should be silent because she fed it on the best of canary food and gave it as much thought and attention as the average mother gives to her children.

The doctors, being familiar with the dangers and causes of canaries, soon learned that the woman was being too good to her pet and was over-feeding it. The singer was so obese that it was sluggish and lazy and had no desire to exert itself in song. So the bird was put on a special diet and, after losing a few unnecessary ounces,



This Wise Old Owl Wasn't Wise Enough to Take Care of His Health. So He's Now in a Bird Ward, All Bandaged After Surviving an Attack of Pneumonia. And How He Hates Castor Oil!

was chirping and warbling with as much spirit as could be expected from a canary of its advanced age.

One of the most difficult cases that the doctors at the bird hospital have



Occasionally a Homeless Tramp Happens in for Treatment. This Little Vagabond of the Skies Broke a Leg and a Kindly Nurse Found Him. He Is Treated as Well as a Paying Patient.

came upon in a long time was that of a pet owl who got in a draught and contracted a severe case of pneumonia. The physicians didn't try to do much for the patient at night when he was awake and more or less crusty. But in the daytime, when he was blind, as most owls are, they took advantage of his blindness, dosed him with medicine and wrapped him in bandages to keep him warm. Like patients that are brought to Garmisch, he got well and was sent back home blinking his eyes and booting in his new way.

Perhaps the most unusual case on the records of the bird hospital in recent years is that of the wounded eagle that chanced to light in a tree of the well wooded grounds. The big bird was captured and treated, so the doctors, by way of experiment, tried to perk him up by playing him lively music on the violin. After three or four concerts the old fellow began to "sit up and take notice" and eventually recovered his normal spirit.



Careful Record Is Kept of Gains and Losses in Weight. This Is a Prize Canary, Being Weighed Just Before Going on a Diet. Old Age Has Added Dangerous Avoidance.

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Building a Home "A Pipe!"

His Castle Is a Smokestack. Sam Winter, Who Calls Portland, Oregon, His Home, at the Moment, Was Jobless and Broke When He Improved This Domicile from the Funnel of a German Ship.



Climb to Grow Slier



READERS of the American Weekly will recall the publication in these pages, some weeks ago, of a story about Irene Brown, the Wisconsin girl who went in for climbing telephone poles as the country's first line woman.

Miss Brown, belted and spurred, said that her pole climbing was something more than a publicity stunt and that she really wanted to show the hardy line men in her part of the country that their calling is not so difficult and that any stout girl with a willingness to learn—and no fear of heights—can learn to string telephone wires and repair them.

The Wisconsin girl probably didn't give a thought to the possible results of the publicity given her fling as a job hither considered the exclusive property of men, nor imagine that she might be an inspiration to other members of her sex.

But the photograph at the left indicates that she was and that in the Northwest it is becoming "quite the thing" for young women to strap spurs to their shapely legs and spike their way up telephone poles and trees.

The climbers in the picture are not content to go up mere telephone poles. They are tackling one of the towering fir trees in one of the many logging camps in the State of Washington. It is no breach of confidence, however, to explain that none of these girls emulated the "high riggers" in the camp—those iron-served men who walk up the rugged trunks of trees and saw the tops off the forest giants, 50 and 60 feet above ground.

In the first place the young women are not dressed for such strenuous work, and in the second place, it takes considerable practice to develop the skill and the courage demanded of high riggers. But they are good and audacious climbers for all that, and some of them have become confident enough of the spurs to venture 25 or 30 feet in the air.

It is their interesting theory that even a little safe and sane tree climbing is excellent for the figure and that any woman who would take off excess poundage here and there and have a bit of fun in the process, might well indulge in a little of the activity which is a phase of the telephone business and the lumbering industry.

There is excitement in this form of exercise, too, according to the girls who have tried it, because it makes one feel a little like the so-called "human flies" who clamber up the fronts of tall buildings. And there is practically no danger of falling, thanks to the sturdy leather belts which encircle the tree and the climber's waist.



Mila Roberts Cusey, Last Year's French Queen of Beauty and Elegance, Who Decided to Profit by Her Nation-Wide Popularity by Opening a Millinery Shop in Paris.

Made Her Beauty Pay a Profit

PARIS. IN this city, as in every other populous community, there are plenty of young women who are "beautiful but dumb," dainty young things sparkling with comeliness, but not overburdened with gray matter.

Mila Roberts Cusey, who last year was voted the French Queen of Beauty and Elegance, does not belong to this group, although she has beauty and to spare. The charm of her features and her physique seems to be more than matched by her reasoning power and her sound common sense, for she is, at the moment, one of the most successful business women in the French capital.

The very day that she was crowned the beauty queen of all France she began thinking how she could profit from the nation-wide publicity that attended her elevation to the throne and, after making a thorough survey of the com-

mercial field, she made plans to open a smart millinery shop.

The announcement of her debut as a business woman came, thanks to Roberts's cleverness, at a time when the French newspapers and magazines were bright with pictures and stories about her exceptional good looks and her commanding position among all the nation's local and sectional queens of beauty.

Women flocked to the little shop by the hundred and before the close of the first day Mila Cusey did not have a chapeau left on her shelves. But she replenished her stock over night and was on the premises bright and early to greet her patrons and advise them about their millinery. The rush of business that marked the first few days, of course, eased off. But she still has plenty of customers and is adding to her ample bankroll every day.

ONE pathetic and amusing result of the depression is the strange collection of makeshift homes which some of the country's less fortunate citizens have appropriated or put up for themselves to get in out of the wind and weather and to avoid the ordeal of being dispossessed for overdueness.

Perhaps the strangest of these dwellings of the depression is the cozy and weatherproof residence of Sam Winter, a citizen of Portland, Oregon. As the tenant himself, humorously says, "Building this place was a pipe."

found a smokestack that had seen service on an old German steamer, patched up the thing here and there and moved in.

It's big enough and with the furniture I've put in it, I get along a lot better than some people who live in regular houses. The place is easy to keep warm in cold weather and when it's warm I open the doors at both ends and enjoy perfect ventilation. Sometimes, when the wind is right, there's almost as much draught in the stack as there was aboard ship."

pliable and it is as good as ever. If you have a lame ankle or wrist, a tight bandage made from the skin of a haddock or cod will soon cure it. It is also wonderful for a sore throat.

"The skin of a cusk makes very effective bandages. It is one of the toughest skins you can get. Some old salts swear by the skin of an eel. They claim it contains an oil that strikes right in and eases pain wonderfully. Salt pork is supposed to draw well but it isn't one, two, three with a nice cod or haddock skin fresh from the water. Either of these will pull like a mustard plaster. You can't keep them on long for the burn."

Another thing the Fulton Market fish dealers have a considerable demand for are lucky bones, as they are known, from the cod. In nearly every good-sized fish market there is a small bedded in a little sack on either side of the head are two old bones. Maybe the scientists know what they were placed there for. All fishermen know is that to have a pair in one's pocket brings luck. One bone will not do. There must be at least two of them.

These bones look like lucky bones were carved of dull ivory. About as big as a quarter dollar and half an inch thick, the edges are serrated like those of certain leaves. Few are the fishermen of the old school who do not carry a few of these lucky bones stowed away on their persons. They have as much faith in the seemingly useless by-products of fishing as some residents of the South have in the left hind feet of rabbits.

Girls of the Pacific Northwest Working Off Poundage and Roundly by Climbing Some of the Tall Trees in the State of Washington. While Visiting One of the State's Many Lumber Camps.

"Lovely Child"—But Oh, Such a Little Fibber!

Extraordinary Exploit of Fifteen-Year-Old Mary Whittier, of Hazleton, Pa., Who Masqueraded in New York as a French Girl Stowaway, Completely Deceived Everybody for Three Days and Almost Got a Free Trip to France

Jaunty Pose of 15-Year-Old Mary Whittier, Who Ran Away From Home in a Pennsylvania Town, and Carried Out Her Almost Successful Adventure to the Startled Astonishment of Everybody She Met.



READERS of the news columns were interested recently in the reports of the exploit of little Miss Mary Whittier, of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, who came to New York and masqueraded as a French girl who had just walked off a French Line steamer as a stowaway. For three days this remarkable child had completely fooled the New York police, a judge in the Children's Court, the United States Federal authorities, and was finally unmasked by the officers of a French ship just before it sailed. And while the hasty and incomplete news reports of the adventures of "Mademoiselle Michele d'Idier," as she called herself, were remarkable enough, yet the full details of the child's brilliant achievements are still more extraordinary. Those who had dealings with "Mademoiselle" could scarcely believe it possible that a child of fifteen could plan such a plot, carry it out with such adroitness, match her wits with such success against older heads of great experience and sustain her ingenious fabrications with a quick resourcefulness which gives promise of a great career, perhaps, for Mary, as an actress or an imaginative writer. "A lovely child and so Frenchly," remarked Judge Levy, completely deceived by her wonderful acting.

It was on a Thursday morning that the child packed away in a little tin box a cake of soap, a wash cloth, a tooth-brush, a box of matches, and \$5.00 in money, skipped out across the fields back of her mother's home in Hazleton, Pa., hitch-hiked part way to New York, then took a train, and arrived at the Pennsylvania Station. The child strolled about Broadway, looking in shop windows, and as it came on nightfall bought herself an admission to a movie house. After the show Mary wandered about looking for a place to sleep, because her little fortune had dwindled now to only a few cents. Creeping down the stairs of a dark basement entrance in East 55th Street, Park Avenue, the girl struck a match to see what kind of

"She must know the name of the boat," protested a detective, and looking at the shipping columns news of a paper discovered that the French liner Lafayette had docked at noon the previous day. The mechanic was told to ask her if that wasn't her boat, and finally she admitted it.

All this fiction was solemnly entered in the police blotter while the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children was notified to come and take her. The mechanic went back to his job and the police provided coffee, sandwiches and made her comfortable otherwise by means of pantomime. At the Society's headquarters, Michele spent the rest of the night. She was too exhausted for further questioning, but while the maiden slept, her clothes were examined. Though no labels indicating French manufacture were found, there were no American ones either. The clever little miss had taken care to remove them.

The police questioning had been brief and comparatively easy because they had not wished to worry such a tired, little wail. Next morning, when she appeared bright and refreshed in the Children's Court, it was another matter. There she faced numerous court attendants, a bona-fide French interpreter, and Justice Samuel D. Levy, who has had tried on him about all the yarns that childish ingenuity can invent.

This questioning was prolonged and close and well might have daunted Annanias himself. Michele had to tell the name of her father and mother, which were not hard to invent, but the interpreter was a Frenchman who had been in Grenoble and asked her to describe the city, tell him where her father's farm was located and give details of what they ate and did on a French farm, where she went to school, how she got there and other information which ought to have floored anyone but a genuine French girl. Michele answered the questions so promptly and correctly that the interpreter was not only convinced but charmed. He assured Judge Levy that she was just what she claimed.

The judge accepted this expert opinion, but he wanted to know how she had evaded the authorities of two nations and gotten free transportation against the wishes of a steamship company. Michele, through the interpreter, told him that she had borrowed 100 francs, traveled third class on the train from her home town to Cherbourg and just walked on board with the crowd. Then she had gone deep down in the ship and met an older woman, she said, had hidden her during the passage over, brought her food, and finally aided her in getting ashore by lending her a pair of overalls. The older name, she declared, was Joseph and he had been "very kind and nice." He had fixed her up a blanket to sleep on in the depths of the ship.

Could she describe the spot? Yes, she could. The blanket was next to a trunk and the trunk was next to a door and it was all dark in there.

Was the door locked? No, it wasn't locked. Did anyone but the older know she was on board?

No, no one but the older. How had she come ashore? Well, Joseph had lent her a pair of his overalls and she had put them on over her clothes. Then she had gone ashore and met the manager's gangplank but down the crew's gangplank. There were many men on the dock at the time and she had mingled with them.

Then what did she do? She left the pier, crossed a street, and in the shadow of a doorway removed the overalls. After that she wandered around the streets. She spoke to some women and they gave her a little change. Then she counted for the dollar and a half that had been found on her.

Almost weeping, she kept exclaiming over and over, "I am telling the truth. Why don't you believe me?" Judge Levy did believe her and told her so.

"She is a lovely child, so charming and so Frenchly," he said, "but alas the court is allowed no leeway. I must turn her over to the immigration authorities who must send her back to France. Everyone looked at him reproachfully and it almost broke his heart to see the little girl's head drop

as the interpreter in a choking voice repeated the bad news.

Little did they know that this was just what she wanted. To soften the supposed blow the judge invited the child to his private chambers where she was permitted to choose from among some trinkets, a robin-egg blue bead bracelet for herself and an imitation pearl necklace for "her mother in France." He also sent out for a nice, big box of candy.

Then away she was whisked for another equally thorough grilling by immigration experts. These, too, were convinced and notified the French line that it would have to give the little passenger a free ride home.

This was no joke for the line. In the first place, it would be subject to a \$1,000 fine for not watching its ships more carefully, but worse than that was the unmerciful "kidding" it would be in for from other lines, according to an old custom of the sea. The company asked for a chance to quit the stowaway, not so much in hope of disproving her story as to make sure that it would not happen again. Especially it wanted to identify that older.

So on Saturday morning, just two hours and a half before she was due to be sent back on the Lafayette, Michele d'Idier appeared at the line's downtown offices accompanied by two inspectors and a matron. John Scotto, assistant passenger manager of the line had heard that the girl had made one slight slip at the immigration office, and now his practiced eye told him that none of her clothes were such as a French farmer's daughter would wear except the beret, so he played a little trick on her. As they stepped out of the main office, on their way to the steamer's pier, he mentioned casually in English that his car was just around the corner. The first to move in that direction was the little French girl who was not supposed to understand English.

Armed with this knowledge, Mr. Scotto went into the conference, which was held in the cabin of Chief Officer Maurice Belvaire, confident that he would unmask the "stowaway." But as often as one of his questions raised a doubt, her next answer dispelled it. She not only told them about Grenoble, but the little village of La Chauxvivre, on the other side of the farm, where her father and brother had to work so hard in the fields. At school she was in the fifth class. Unable to find a flaw there, Scotto asked why she had not gotten the money from her father.

"He didn't have any money at all," was the prompt reply. This shrewd answer forestalled the possibility of cashing in on the money to pay the passage.

With the money a friend had given her, Michele said she bought a railroad ticket to the port and there got on the boat.

"How long did it take you to get from Grenoble to Cherbourg?" "Eleven hours. I had to change stations in Paris and take the boat train there."

This was all absolutely correct. But in her reply to the next question, "Where did she find the money to Cherbourg?" she slipped up.

"Eighty francs," she said. "Third class." It happens to be more than eighty francs. At this point, Maurice Belvaire, the chief officer, leaned over and whispered in Scotto's ear. "She speaks French," he said. "But it is not what I would call a Grenoble accent." Scotto nodded and went on with his questioning.

"About this older," he said. "You say his name was Joseph? Was he French?"

"He spoke French." "Don't you know whether or not he was a Frenchman?"

"Well, he might have been part Arab," she replied.

At this Mr. Scotto, the chief officer



It Had Been a Long Day for Mary, and Her Pitifully Small Supply of Money Was About Gone, So in the Early Morning Hours She Looked About for a Place to Curl Up and Sleep In. Cautiously Creeping Down Into a Dark Basement Entrance Near Park Avenue, the Child Remembered Her Box of Matches. And As She Struck a Light to Look About the Nest She Had Selected, the Flash Caught the Eye of a Private Watchman, Who Had Just Come Around the Corner—and "Mademoiselle Michele" Was Discovered.

and Captain Chavot, who had just stepped in, looked at each other in amazement. A few French Arabs are employed by the French line, but almost nobody knows it. Feeling that he was losing all sense of judgment over this remarkable girl, Scotto decided to play his last card, and if it failed to give up, suddenly he said in English: "Let me see your gloves!"

Caught off guard, Michele offered them, and instantly her face revealed that she knew she had been trapped. Scotto said to Inspector Cross:

"You mean to say she doesn't understand any English at all?" "That's what she says," Cross answered. "But I think she understands it perfectly. When she was writing down the date of her birth over on the island she started to write the English abbreviation for April, instead of the French 'Av.' Then she changed it."

"Tell us the truth, Michele, you are not French," said Scotto. The girl's lips trembled. Tears came into her eyes. She threw her arms around the matron and stammered in English:

"No, I'm not French. I'm purely American and I live in Hazleton, Pennsylvania. My mother's the secretary of the X. W. C. A. there. I didn't mean to cause you any trouble or hurt my mother, but I did want to go to France so much."

Captain Chavot, who till now had taken little part in the scene, said this point unable to restrain himself.

He rose to his feet and exclaimed: "Magnifique! Mademoiselle, I salute you. You are one perfect actress. The most perfect actress I have seen. Marvelous!"

Then the captain sent for a nice, sweet cordial, which he personally presented to the great little actress. Her story was simple except that she won't tell how she learned so much about the French line. Mary had spent two years with her father in Grenoble, which she liked much better than life in the small town of Hazleton. She had read that stowaways, when caught, are sent back to the country they came from. Mary decided she would just "get caught," and she came within a hair's breadth of getting away with it. Now she is back in school, where her schoolmates think her a marvel. So does Mr. Scotto.

"She was marvelous," he declares. "Perfect. Even I, knowing all I do about ships, would have had a hard job cooking up a better story. And as for putting it over! I couldn't have touched her. Such sang-froid! Right up to the very end! And the details! How she did it I can't imagine. Her once in a while people come in to see me for information about stowaways. Writers mostly, who want to write stories about stowaways. Well, from now on I'm going to refer them to this fifteen-year-old girl. She knows more than I do."

"What a little fibber!" said Judge Levy.

Girl Flies Write S.O.S. With Lipstick

An airplane crash in the jungle, peril of lions and savages, two nights of suffering from their injuries—but the two plucky young English girls who had this experience got out of their troubles by their own ingenuity.

The lions failed to find them. They won over an African warrior by the gift of a flying coat, and persuaded him to walk fifty miles for help, with a message written in lipstick. It was all very much in the modern manner, and thrilling enough for a movie.

The two pretty young girls, Miss Joan Page and Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, had flown from England to Cape Town in their Gypsy Moth just for the fun of it, and were on the return trip when they crashed up in a forest landing near Nairobi. They had left the nearest airport, at Mosh, 180 miles distant, on a Saturday morning, and had allowed themselves plenty of time to get to Nairobi before dark if nothing happened.

They were following one of the mail airplanes which make regular trips between Cape Town and England, so they felt they had a reliable guide. But for some reason the mail plane turned back, and the girls never saw it change its course because a drifting cloud obscured their vision.

Finally, when it was nearly dark, they picked up the main railway line, and saw the lights of Nairobi twenty miles away. Almost immediately the view was blotted out by a cloud. They circled, but failed to see Nairobi again, and were blown off their course by a strong westerly wind. In the growing darkness they saw below them what appeared to be an open plain partially covered with mist, when suddenly the machine flew straight into a hillside covered with boulders and trees.

This was a small ridge only five feet high which was not observed. The impact was so severe that the machine



On a Piece of Canvas Torn From a Wing of the Wrecked Plane She Wrote With Her Lipstick an Appeal for Aid and Sent It by a Native Chief Fifty Miles for Help.

overturned, the engine and front part being wrenched round at right angles. Mercifully it did not catch fire.

Miss Page suffered two compound fractures of the right leg, and Miss Barker was hit on the head by a stone when the machine somersaulted so she was knocked unconscious.

When she revived she pluckily bandaged Miss Page's leg, using a strap from the airplane, and then with the greatest difficulty she rescued the injured girl from the wreckage, and placed her under a wing for shelter.

The girls settled down for the night hoping to see signs of human beings in the morning.

All round them were the noises of the jungle, but they were not molested by wild animals, although afterwards it was discovered that a notorious hunt of lions was only a mile away. Sunday dawned, and the girls ate the remaining portion of a small supply of food and drank their tiny supply of water. Presently Miss Barker set off to try to find help and water, but found nobody.

Sunday night came without relief, and the girls endured more anxieties in the darkness.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning Miss Barker saw a wandering Masai warrior. The native stopped the approach of Miss Barker by threatening to use his bow and arrow.

Eventually by signs Miss Barker made him understand their plight, and by the gift of her flying coat, which he afterwards wore in the rescue operations, she induced him to agree to walk fifty miles to Nairobi with her appeal for help.

The native could not speak English, however, to make people understand him, and Miss Barker had no pencil or fountain pen with which to write a message which he could take to Nairobi. Then she remembered her handkerchief, which she had already carefully fished out of the wreckage of the plane, for a girl has to powder her nose, even in the jungle. There was a lipstick in the handkerchief, and by ripping off a piece of the torn canvas from one of the wings of the plane, Miss Barker had something to write on. With her lipstick she scribbled a message on the canvas, and gave it to her black messenger.

The Masai trotted off with it. Thirteen miles away he met a motor car, which he stopped, and its English occupants, reading the message, hurried back with him to the scene of the accident.

Doctors at the Nairobi hospital, where the girls were taken, told Miss Barker that she would be laid up for a long time with her fractured leg, and she had better cancel all flying plans for the near future.

"Oh, well," she said with a laugh, "it was worth it. If you don't take a risk once in a while you can't expect to have any fun on this earth."

"There's another thing I've learned from this crack-up, too. It never pays for a girl to go anywhere without her lipstick."

A Ghost Ship Sails The Sea Without Any Crew

LIKE the "Flying Dutchman" of the legend, the four-masted American ship Maurice K. Thurlow seems to have been calling the Atlantic for the last time and a half year, without a soul on board.

She was sighted the other day off Cape Charles, Virginia, and that was the seventh time she has been reported by other ships since she was wrecked and abandoned by her crew on October 14, 1927.

She was carrying a cargo of lumber when she went aground in a storm on Diamond Shoals, near Cape Hatteras. Coast Guardsmen rescued the crew and the next morning the stranded ship had vanished. It was supposed she had been beaten so hard by the waves that she had gone to pieces.

It is an old saying and a true one that few ships ever struck Diamond Shoals and got off again, so marine insurance men scratched the Thurlow from the list of active vessels. But the Thurlow did get off, in some mysterious manner, and so far as Government records are concerned she is still afloat. She released herself without help from the grasp of the shoals and went on a ghostly rampage without a living person aboard.

Lumber laden vessels seldom sink. She was sighted by half a dozen vessels in as many different positions in the Atlantic, and the Coast Guard sent a small fleet of its fast boats to scour the ocean for her. But whenever the pursuing vessels reached a point of latitude and longitude where she had been reported, she was not there.

The Dutch tanker Sleight first reported by wireless that she had sighted the Maurice K. Thurlow, thirteen days after the wreck, in latitude 38-50 north and longitude 66-57 west, sailing against the current in the Gulf Stream and making between two and three knots an hour. When the message from the Dutch ship was received the Coast Guard officials thought somebody was playing a joke on them. Their records showed that the Maurice K. Thurlow had been destroyed after going aground on Diamond Shoals. They started an argument by wireless with the Dutch tanker, but the master of this ship insisted there was no mistake. The mate had read the name of the Maurice K. Thurlow through powerful glasses.

The legend of the "Flying Dutchman" is popular among Hollanders who follow the sea, and the Coast Guardsmen thought perhaps superstition had something to do with the story. They got out their pencils and charts and figured that if the Thurlow really had got off Diamond Shoals, a ship that had never happened before, from the time she was released to the time she was sighted by the Sleight, on October 27, 1927, she had sailed 600 miles. She had made a daily average speed of about thirty miles.

Pursuing ships were sent out at once to the position reported by the Dutch tanker, but they reported they could find no trace of the vessel. Immediately there came another wireless message from a ship announcing that the



For Five and One-Half Years the Crewless Wreck of the Wind-Jammer "Maurice K. Thurlow" Has Sailed the Seven Seas Like the "Flying Dutchman" of the Legend.

spooky craft had been sighted in latitude 35-59 north and longitude 70-14 west.

The second report convinced the Coast Guardsmen that there was no joke about the derelict. A vessel floating aimlessly like this is a menace to navigation. It carries no lights at night and it is likely at any time to cause the wreck of a vessel that might crash into it before it would be sighted. Vessels loaded with lumber are especially dangerous because they float almost indefinitely. Even after the gales strip them of their masts and rigging they are likely to continue afloat, perhaps with their decks down to the water's edge, because lumber will float, of itself, and the lumber cargo keeps the bulk from sinking.

The Coast Guard sent out a fleet of six vessels to roam the sea until they had found and captured or destroyed the Thurlow. There were the destroyers Tucker, Conyngham, McDougall and Henley and the cutters Mohave and Seneca. They kept in touch with each other by wireless and they ran down every one of the many reports they had about the Maurice K. Thurlow being sighted.

Surely the crewless vessel could not get away from all these grayhounds. But she did.

She kept on her way and followed the course that unseen forces had charted for her. She was first in one place and then in another, and she led the Coast Guard a futile chase all up and down the Atlantic Coast. She was never there when the ships came to pick her up.

The destroyer Tucker had a wireless message which sighted the Thurlow 590 miles off Nantucket. Off went the Government craft at full speed, but she did not find the Thurlow. She sighted a vessel on fire, but the craft was identified as another ship.

Some sort of thing has kept up, off and on, for nearly six years, and only the other day the roving vessel was reported off the Virginia Coast. This clue is being run down like all the others, but the Coast Guardsmen are getting skeptical of ever catching the Maurice K. Thurlow. She will keep on roving the seas, old salts are saying, until she gets tired of it, and then she will find her way to the Sargasso Sea, where, according to legend, sea monsters of the sort go to end their days.

The story of the "Flying Dutchman" is that this sailing ship was condemned to sail forever around the Cape of Good Hope because the master, Captain Vanderdecken, had cursed God when storms delayed him in that region. For his blasphemy God was sentenced to spend all eternity trying to sail around the Cape, in all kinds of weather.

Superstitious seamen have reported seeing the ghost ship many times, the probable explanation being that they saw mirages, which are common at sea, often the reflected images of ships great distances away.

But the Maurice K. Thurlow is no mirage. She is a real ship, and the only thing about her that might be called supernatural is the trick she has of being in so many places and yet never there when the ships come to get her.

Things Women Do That Annoy People Most

FIVE famous Britishes were asked the other day what they disliked most in women.

Two of them, men, confined their criticism to nagging, lack of modesty and other small personal failings. The women found greater fault with their own sex, one of them declaring that women do not appreciate their husbands, have no idea of the tremendous load they carry, and that if conditions were reversed and women had to take the heavy responsibilities of marriage instead of men, there would be very few marriages taking place.

This was the view of Joan Kennedy, writer and lecturer, who sailed in and rapped her sex in the following manner: "I have one bone to pick with women. They are still apt to take men and all they do for them for granted—particularly in marriage."

"Any average man, getting married, is a hero. Considering marriage from all angles, he does not gain many advantages—but he takes on a load of responsibilities."

"Women do not always realize this. They believe they give as much as they get. Husbands are not always appreciative of their handiwork, however."

"But if conditions of marriage and the legal responsibilities of the state were reversed on the sexes I honestly suspect that we should have a tremendous slump in matrimony. Women just would not shoulder the legal loads which men blithely and trustingly take on when they leave a woman."

"Too many of my sex consider that men get more out of marriage than they do."

"Men want fatherhood and women gain from a balanced sex life, and the conjugal advantages are equal from the point of view of health and happiness."

"Men want fatherhood, women covet motherhood. A man works outside the home, a woman within it. But the law makes them both equal in the home."

"I dislike very much hearing middle-aged women whining about having given a man their 'best years.' This is a ridiculous thing to say. Things go wrong. Very few remember that a man has his 'best years,' and that he spends them in the service of his family."

"I dislike, in married men, the writer, author, of 'The Book of Beauty,' does not like his women too 'womanish,' and pictures some minor flaws."

"I dislike women who look at one through longnoses, who take a long time making up in the bathroom, who are unappreciative, who are unattractive, who continually

ask one for cigarettes, who talk for hours on the telephone without giving one the opportunity to say that one is already late, who dye their hair black, and especially women who are too forward."

Joan Sutherland, who was trained for the grand opera stage but started writing instead and became the author of twenty-one novels, mostly about women, thinks good manners and courtesy are the main things lacking in modern women. She said:

"In these days I am either very old-fashioned or excessively modern, for what I dislike most in my own sex (this little expression of opinion is not intended, I imagine, to refer to the serious sex) is ungraciousness and bad manners."

"A woman may have many good qualities, but if she be ungracious, those qualities have little influence on the world around her; while, if she have charm of manner and courtesy, she will command attention and give great pleasure."

"This may be taken to mean insincerity, but such meaning is not in my mind, and, if it were, I would rather encounter gracious manner than brazenness. The well-bred, rough and ready behavior is unwomanly and it certainly is not modern, and I dislike a neuter state of mind as much as I dislike a neuter sex."

Derek Oldham, actor and singer who played the leading role in "The Vagabond King," "The Chocolate Soldier" and many other operettas, mentions Arnold Bennett's definition of nagging and devotes one-third of his complaints to that subject.

"There are three types of women I very much dislike: the one who lacks common sense and is a disregard for the existences of personal appearance."

"The woman who is only casual about everything in general."

"And the nagging woman. I look upon Arnold Bennett's definition of nagging as being a very true one. 'The constant repetition of unpleasant truths.'"

Joan Conquest, the actress, fifth in the list of celebrities asked for their opinion, was the most charitable. She thinks women have such a hard time that all their faults ought to be forgiven them, except malicious gossip and stealing other women's husbands. She said:

"I am full of admiration for my sex—and, pity. Indeed, the vast majority of women are so good, so kind, so loving, that I maintain all, excepting downright slander and filching their neighbor's husband, can and should be forgiven them."

Mosquito Bites That Cure Malaria

NOT so many years ago scientists discovered that a certain kind of mosquito, the anopheles, is an enemy of mankind because its bite gives people malaria. But now the anopheles mosquito is being ranked as a friend of mankind because its bite cures a far more dread disease, paresis or softening of the brain, which once meant one of two things—certain death or insanity.

The Rockefeller Foundation and the Florida Board of Health are raising mosquitoes in Florida for this purpose. At the state capital, Tallahassee, there is a Station for Malaria Research, where victims of paresis may go to "make an appointment" with a mosquito for a curative bite.

She must be—for only female mosquitoes bite people—an anopheles mosquito properly infected with malaria, since this disease is what makes the mosquito's bite a cure for paresis. The highest scientific honor in the world, the Nobel Prize, was awarded to the discoverer of this fact, Dr. Julius Wagner-Juregg of Vienna. Before it became known there was no remedy for paresis, and no hope for the sufferer but to die or to end his days in an insane asylum. Paresis causes softening of the brain and general paralysis of the nervous system, and there are few diseases that leave their victims in so pitiable a state.

Dr. Wagner-Juregg proved that malaria would cure paresis, but he did not know why. Long research by the experts of the Rockefeller Foundation and other scientists has shown the reason—malaria "burns up" the germs of paresis in the human body. Malaria is a disease that causes high temperatures, sometimes of 105 and 106 degrees, and the germ that causes paresis, the spirochete pallida, cannot live in the blood at such high temperatures. The victim of paresis can be given, through the bite of an infected mosquito, a "benign" case of malaria, which can be easily controlled and cured. When he is well of the malaria, there is more than a "fifty-fifty" chance that he will be cured of paresis. Only in advanced cases, among whom there has been treatment in this manner, has the malaria remedy failed.

The "mosquito station" at Tallahassee was originally founded for the purpose of studying malaria and working



The Malaria-Infected Mosquito, in a Cage. It Is Encouraged to Bite the Patient, Only Female Anopheles Mosquitoes Are Used, as Only the Females Bite.

out means of preventing it by destroying the anopheles mosquito at its breeding places. Later, because of the growing interest of science in the malaria treatment for the wormy mind, the station turned also to the study of paresis.

The station raises its own malaria mosquitoes by the thousands. For clinical purposes they are permitted to bite patients who have only a certain type of malaria that reacts quickly to treatment. There are other more violent kinds of malaria which cannot be "given" to paresis patients in the mosquito-bite cure.

When the paresis patient comes to the station for the treatment, he is exposed to the bite of infected mosquitoes kept in a small gauze-covered container. The mosquito is permitted to bite the patient on the thigh, abdomen or hand or other convenient spot. The "infecting" fever, the doctors wait for the patient to develop malaria fever. That sometimes requires as long as thirty days, but the average time is eighteen days. The temperature runs to 103 or 104 degrees and the germs of paresis are killed.

In addition to the high blood-heat which has this effect on paresis, there seems to be some other action of the malaria germ that enables the body cells to throw off the paralyzing effect of the spirochete, or paresis germ, and that also appears to help in restoring the injured nervous tissues. Scientists are not yet certain of all these details, but it has been proved beyond a doubt that a majority of paresis patients who have the disease in a stage not too far advanced can be cured by the malaria treatment. It has also been found that infection by means of the mosquito is more satisfactory than inoculating the patient with malaria germs from a laboratory culture.

The patient, under strict hospital care, remains at the station until a cure of the malaria is apparent. The germs of the paresis germ. His case of malaria is allowed to go as far as is considered safe, and if his fever gets too severe it is stopped with quinine.

Anopheles mosquitoes at the station are raised from "selected culms" gathered from mosquito breeding areas. Only one bite of a mosquito is necessary to give a patient malaria, and it must be an adult female mosquito. The reason for this is that the blood of a patient is what she needs the blood to fertilize her next crop of little mosquitoes. The male mosquitoes do not do the hatching, so they die.

Since Dr. Wagner-Juregg's discovery that malaria is a cure for paresis many experiments have been made by scientists to see whether other types of infection causing high fever would not do as well. Typhoid vaccine, for example, will produce a high temperature when a patient is inoculated with it, and he gets over it without having to have the disease. The vaccine against typhoid, which is inoculated with it, and he gets over it without having to have the disease. The vaccine against typhoid, which is inoculated with it, and he gets over it without having to have the disease. The vaccine against typhoid, which is inoculated with it, and he gets over it without having to have the disease.

Florida health experts at Tallahassee have been taken to indicate that the "mosquito system" of curing paresis by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Florida Board of Health is the most effective. By a serum penicillin operation it has been found that one mosquito's glands contain enough malaria germs to inoculate about twelve paresis cases.

The Mystery Passenger of the Wrecked Air-Liner

Startling Suggestion That Albert Voss, Suspected Smuggler of Drugs and About to Be Murdered by His Gang, Set the "City of Liverpool" on Fire, Expecting to Escape by Parachute Which Failed to Open



Suddenly There Was a Puff of Smoke and Out of the Rear Door of the Passenger Compartment of England's Giant Air-Liner Stepped a Human Being. Over and Over in the Air He Whirled and His Lifeless Body Was Found Almost Buried in the Mud. It Was Albert Voss, the Mystery Passenger, Who, It Has Been Suggested, Exploded a Bomb to Destroy the City of Liverpool, Expecting to Escape With a Parachute, Which Failed to Open.



Smoking Ruins of the Great Airship Which Fell On an Old Battlefield in Belgium, With a Loss of Fifteen People—Every Human Being on Board.

Albert Voss, Suspected of Being a Smuggler and Whose Life, Perhaps, Was Threatened by a Gang he Had Doubtless Crossed.

LONDON, May 26. DID Albert Voss set fire to the City of Liverpool, England's giant air-liner which crashed in flames near Dixmude, Belgium, March 29, causing the death of 15 people?

If so, did he mean to commit suicide, dying with his victims, or was his plan to escape foiled by the failure of his parachute?

Was his usually partner, Louis Dearden, the drug-mugger, who is said to have invented the scheme of dropping imported dope from airplanes—was Dearden a party to the fiendish conspiracy or was Voss planning to get rid of him, too?

These suggestions have been advanced and denied.

If Dearden did not know what was coming, why did both partners for the first time in their innumerable air-trips take out 1,000 pounds insurance for that particular trip? Both had reasons for wishing the authorities to think them dead. If Dearden knew what was coming, did Voss double-cross him by exploding the bomb before the agreed time?

Stranged of all, why did Voss permit his 16-year-old niece, Lottie Voss, to be among the doomed passengers?

Albert Voss, 60 years old, was a man with one of those winning personalities usually possessed by those who make a living out of the losses of others. He claimed distasteful as his profession, but was engaged in various mysterious enterprises, including the bringing of false teeth into England by airplane, such an expensive method that he was bound to lose money, unless the teeth were hollow and contained something else, as the Coroner suggested. Dope handlers are among the most callous criminals in the world, quite capable of sending 14 persons to their death, if it suited their plans. If he was a dope smuggler and such was his plan, that part worked out beautifully, for no witness survived to tell what he did up there in the sky.

Nevertheless, though the great triple-motored plane crashed to a fatal loss, it left much evidence which its doubters did not foresee. The airliner on its way from Cologne and Bremen to which the place is famous. It was 1:30 P. M. and the visibility as poor that flying at a height of 5,000 feet Voss may well have thought that there was small chance that anyone on the ground would see him jump.

As his parachute brought him nearer the ground the collision would be greater, but if at that moment the plane was falling like a flaming meteor a mile or two away, attention might be distracted. As a matter of fact, he succeeded in getting to the ground unseen by anyone who lived to tell, but he landed so hard that his body was sent a grave almost three feet deep in the Flanders mud.

Leopold Van der Berghe, a farmer working in his fields about 16 miles from Dixmude, heard what sounded like two sharp taps rather than explosions in the sky, and, looking up, saw

Miss Lottie Voss, Niece of the Mystery Passenger, Who Also Lost Her Life on the Air-Liner.

rather dimly the shape of the big plane he had come to expect about that time every day. But this time he saw a straight line of white smoke stream out from near its tail, then the big machine veered and started to circle toward the ground.

As he watched, the farmer saw a dark object tumble out. It seemed small at first but rapidly grew bigger as the thing neared the earth and he realized that it was a human being turning end over end. It was a woman, her skirts alternately billowing and collapsing according to whether she was head or feet foremost. Another object tumbled after her, but did not flutter, because it was a man. He spread his arms and legs wide, apparently in the futile attempt to increase the air resistance. They seemed to start their fall directly over the farmer's head, but landed a quarter of a mile away and, like Voss, almost buried themselves in the mud.

Down the struggling plane came until only about 500 feet from the ground, and several observers could see the pilot standing up and working furiously

at his controls. Then a violent explosion wrapped it in a cloud of white smoke from which it issued only to be wrapped again in the black cloud of a second explosion. From this it tumbled a blazing wreck straight to the ground. One wing fell off and almost hit a couple of children on another farm. The heat of the burning wreckage prevented any attempt to remove the charred bodies within for nearly an hour.

Reports of other eye-witnesses were much the same, all indicating that the greatest of airplane tragedies was merely another accident, from engine trouble, failure of controls, leakage of a gasoline line, fire caused by violation of the no-smoking rule, or any other likely cause of disaster. But the wreck was studied by experts, who rapidly revealed some queer things which caused them to ask the police of recent capitals of Europe what they knew about the twelve passengers and three members of the crew.

For one thing, it was known that exactly five minutes before the City of Liverpool, was a burning wreck on

the ground, she had been in perfect condition because at that time the control tower at Croydon had received from her radio operator the following perfunctory message:

"G-AACI passing Roulers OK."

The experts were able to determine that nothing had been wrong structurally nor with the controls until the explosion, and the engines were in perfect condition, and though the visibility was not very good, the air was still. What could have happened in that brief time? The wreck gave the answer. Strangely enough, one of the explosions in the air had blown away enough parts of the plane to show something quite unaccountable on the theory of a natural accident.

The fire seemed to have started in the lavatory located in the rear end of the cabin. Parts of the walls of this lavatory had been blown clear of the rest of the wreck and were seen to have been severely burned on the inside, but hardly at all on the outside. There was no gas line or other explosive or inflammable source in the lavatory or near it.

Yet inside that small room there had been terrific and explosive heat. The indication was strong that something like an incendiary bomb had gone off in the lavatory. The man who sat nearest to the lavatory, according to the company's reports, was Albert Voss. This in itself meant nothing, nor perhaps was it any of anyone's business that he had opened the door, also in the rear, and jumped to much earlier than any of the others that his body was found further from the wreck by nearly five miles.

Only two of the 15 were known to the police. Voss was one of those charming, persuasive persons who managed to get people to put their savings into his venture and lose them, but he always rigged things up so as not to quite get into jail. Scotland Yard now found that just before taking the fatal trip he had issued such a flood of worthless checks that he must have known imprisonment was certain unless he committed suicide or vanished. Here was a motive for making it appear that he had been killed, but there were others.

Recently he had withdrawn a portion of his voluntary bankruptcy rather than face questioning by some of his creditors. Furthermore, Voss was about to have his activities as an importer of false teeth investigated. He was buying them in Germany and peddling them among English dentists. Apparently he was buying more and more openly declared and paid duty on. It was suggested that the discrepancy was



Captain Lezu, the Pilot of "The City of Liverpool."

caused by his dropping the missing ones from the air on his frequent trips to be picked up by someone on the ground. Though there is a 33 per cent duty, the authorities did not see how he could make money enough to pay for such an expensive method of travel.

Recently they discovered that for some time he had been in association with Louis Dearden, narcotic smuggler, whose specialty was dropping dope from planes. At once they saw possibilities in the false tooth business. The teeth he sold probably paid duty, but they may have been only a blind for some others that were hollow to contain Dearden's narcotics. Whether there were hollow ones and they were dropped from the plane or boldly declared and passed the unsuspecting inspectors was something they were just intending to find out when the crash ended the activities of the partners.

Until he associated with Dearden, Voss had been cautious and safe in his methods of business. But the man or woman who goes into business with a member of a dope-smuggling organization is associating with a person about as trustworthy as a rattlesnake. Dearden probably forced him out of his share of the profits and blackmailed him until he was desperate and his situation may have been even worse than that.

In connection with the English coroner's inquest testimony was taken in Brussels regarding the behavior of the two partners just before they boarded

the City of Liverpool. Voss had purchased a lot of false teeth and given the manufacturer what turned out to be a worthless check for about \$16,000. While he was discussing how these were to be packed and delivered to him, the manufacturer expected Voss would ask his check back, but he was not interested even in that and went out saying that he would be back later. Others testified that from this time on the two men were worried, nervous and drank heavily. A girl who met Voss in a cabaret stated that he said to her:

"Before long you will read a great deal about me in the papers."

When she asked what he was going to do, he merely told her to watch the papers and wait. The next day they took that fatal air-trip. Scotland Yard thinks that the solution of the mystery is in that whispered message. The two may have been double-crossing

other members of the international drug ring. If caught, the punishment for this is invariably death, and if Dearden remained with the ship and was caught, Voss might have turned pale, saying nothing, but schemes to make the avengers think him dead.

The reasons for supposing that Voss rather than Dearden may have placed a bomb in the lavatory are several. He jumped first while Dearden remained with the ship and was burned to a crisp. No signs of fire were found on the body or clothing of Voss except of the international drug ring. If caught, the punishment for this is invariably death, and if Dearden remained with the ship and was caught, Voss might have turned pale, saying nothing, but schemes to make the avengers think him dead.

From these and other things has been constructed a theory that Voss was getting a home-made affair, started to go off prematurely, and Voss was probably it ready in the private lavatory, when he burned his hand in vain efforts to extinguish it. It was only a question of whether the pilot, the door, closed, and jumped into space.

Before the other passengers, including Dearden, who had not expected such action at the time, could recover from their astonishment, the ship went off, the ship was after and it was only a question of whether the pilot could get her down before she exploded. If Voss had a parachute it did not help him, but whether it was or he did not try to open it could not be determined. At the time the man may have wished to die or he may have fainted at the critical moment. Examination of the wreck or his body gave no answer to the speculations.

The widow of Joseph W. Miss Forester Thompson, aged 25, priestess of a chain of English tea rooms. An unusual incident was the dramatic halting of Voss' coffin on the way to the grave for an autopsy to see if, as rumored, he had taken poison before his leap. None was found.

It is the Food You Eat That Makes You What You Are

Dr. Berman Sets Forth the Results of His Study and Experiments and Decides That Irritability or Calm Disposition, Laziness or "Pep," and the Personal Character of the Individual Are Largely a Matter of What You Put in Your Stomach



Lorenzo the Magnificent, Greatest of the De Medicis, Who, Like Many Intellectual Men, Suffered From Gout—a Condition Which Dr. Berman Attributes to Habits of Eating.

THE popular proverb says "clothes make the man." But this is a superficial view and, like so many proverbs, is only half-true. Clothes, like a harness on a horse or a new coat of varnish on the automobile, give a sparkle and appearance, but they are only "skin deep."

Science now begins to recognize that to a large degree it is the food you eat which "makes the man."

The human machine is not unlike an automobile or a steam engine. The efficiency and general behavior of mechanical engines is largely dependent on the fuel supplied to them. And so, too, the human machine, including even the irritability, behavior and general character of the individual, is largely a matter of the food that goes into that person's mouth.

Dr. Louis Berman, a distinguished New York physician and expert on the glands of the body, has explained all this in a new book, "Food and Character," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

If a child is irritable and inclined to tantrums, especially at breakfast when it refuses to eat, if a professor is absent-minded, if one young girl is apathetic and interested in nothing, while another of the same age or the same family is so over-active and excitable that she dances herself into a nervous breakdown, the chances are good that food is at the bottom of it.

Bad teeth, the famous "tired feeling" of spring, sleepiness or insomnia, inability to concentrate the mind, even the extremes of genius and insanity are likely to be influenced, if not entirely caused, by proper or improper diet. What goes into people's mouths at meals is likely to be far more important in determining usefulness or worthlessness, success or failure, than what goes into their heads as a part of education.

Some outstanding examples of these effects of food on character which Dr. Berman describes the scientists as discovering are those which involve the vitamins. Vitamin A, present in liver, butter, cheese, spinach, some other vegetables and a few other foods such as fresh eggs, is necessary for the growth of children and for the health of everybody. Extreme lack of this vitamin causes severe skin diseases. Even a moderate deficiency makes the victim more susceptible to colds and similar germ infections of the nose, throat and lungs.

People who "catch one cold after another" all winter long are likely to be suffering from lack of this vitamin, brought on because they are eating too little of the foods which contain it. Probably nothing makes a person weaker, more irritable and generally below par than to have such continual colds, sore throats and similar symptoms, so this is one way in which a constituent of foods altogether unknown a generation ago affects the characters of people who eat enough or too little of it.



Modern Co-eds of About the Same Age as the Young Lady of the Old Print, Full of "Pep," in Costumes That Would Shock Their Grandmothers, and Boxing in Front of One of the Buildings at the University of Missouri Their Liveliness Due Most Probably to Correct Modern Feeding.



"Tantrums," Especially at Breakfast, and Refusal to Eat Often Mean That the Child's Diet Is Wrong.

girls thirty or forty years ago may have been caused by lack of exercise and of exposure to fresh air and sunlight, but there is no doubt that much of it was due to a lack of iron in the diet of sweets, refined flour and similar "nice" foods which these young ladies thought it ladylike to prefer. Nowadays girls eat more meat, more fresh vegetables and other foods in which iron is present.

Another chemical element, fluorine, is believed to be needed for the proper formation and repair of the enamel of the teeth. Foods and water in some parts of the country have been found to lack it, so that faults of body or character result. Copper, manganese, phosphorus and several other chemical elements are believed to have bodily duties, so that a varied diet, containing plenty of fresh foods, not too much refined, is desirable to provide them. But the one chemical element most likely to be lacking in the average American diet is believed by the experts to be calcium, the chemical element of bone.

This calcium is needed for the making of bones, but the most serious effect of a lack of it is believed to be on the nervous system. Together with a certain chemical produced by the parathyroid gland in the neck and one of the vitamins called vitamin D, calcium is needed to keep the nervous system in proper balance. One effect of deficiency of these materials in the average food is extreme absent-mindedness. Another effect is inability to concentrate the mind on anything. People who take up one fad after another, only to drop each new one and seek still another in its place, Dr. Berman believes likely to be suffering from an unsuspected lack of calcium in the diet or else from lack of the gland chemical or the vitamin with which the calcium works.



"The Proposal"—Old Print of a Scene Some Generations Back When Young Ladies Thought It Ladylike Not to Eat Much and Were Therefore Undernourished, Pale and Apt to Faint on the Least Provocation, and This One Is All Prepared to Pass Away Roman-ly. What is the Young Man "Pops the Question?"



Extreme Emotionality at Revivals and Similar Occasions Is Largely Due to a Lack of Calcium in the Diet, This Causing Nervous Irritability and the Excesses Often Seen at Camp Meetings and the Like. The Picture Is From an Old Lithograph Showing One of the Early American Revivals.

found only two persons whose habitual diets contained plenty of calcium for the body's needs. What was more, these two individuals were in the hospital because they had been hurt in accidents, not because of disease.

Perhaps this is merely a coincidence, but Dr. Bernheim and other food experts do not think so. They consider it probable that lack of calcium is the chief fault of average American diets and that this lack is helping to cause many kinds of illness, as well as certain definite changes in American character. Americans are known all over the world for being excessively nervous and irritable. Both of these are common effects of too little calcium in the food. Dr. Berman even suggests that the frequency with which new religions and other fads start in America, are pursued with violence for a while and then abandoned, is another symptom of prevailing lack of calcium.

Too little calcium usually makes people irritable, nervous and ill-balanced. Plenty of calcium makes them sober, temperate and well balanced. The success of many a revival, such as those Billy Sunday used to stage, was due, according to this, to the number of calcium-starved people in his audiences. The two great calcium foods are milk and cheese. Some vegetables also contain it, and extra calcium can be given by physicians, when necessary, in the form of special chemical compounds. A reasonable amount of milk in the diet is recommended, however, as the best calcium insurance for the average individual.

Another common relation of food to character is indicated, Dr. Berman suggests, by the well-known tendency of men of genius or of great mental ability to have gout. Gout is a disease contained in the centers or nuclei of a chemical called uric acid, derived from other chemicals called purines contained in the centers or nuclei of the tiny cells which make up most kinds of animal tissue. These purines also are related to the alkaloid called caffeine, which occurs in tea and coffee. It is well

known that this alkaloid is a brain stimulant, which accounts for the cheering stimulation which so many people get from the drinks containing it. While he admits that the theory has not been proved, Dr. Berman deems it probable that certain people, who are geniuses, have in their bodies the purin chemicals from meat that they eat, that these chemicals stimulate the brain and aid the development of the brain, going back to the effects of food. Among geniuses who have suffered from gout are Lorenzo de Medici, Milton, the great poet, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great Englishman, and John Wesley, the founder of Methodism.

That this does not happen to everybody does not mean, however, that the theory is explained by another fact which all experts admit to be a most important one in the theory of the effects of food on character. This is that people may differ greatly in their reactions toward the same kinds of food. Some persons accumulate the brain stimulants or the uric acid when they eat meat. Other persons do not. If people of the latter type can become geniuses, it must be because of something else.

Thomas Carlyle, famous Scotch essayist and historian, was a sufferer from acute indigestion. Maybe some of his genius came from that. If so, it made his wife Jane most unhappy, because Carlyle was at all times a hard man to live with.

The same kind of variation exists in the abilities of different people to utilize fat. Some do this very well, so that diets containing much fat do not harm them. Other people have bodily machines which cannot burn up the fat completely. Then forms acid poisons in the body, and these poisons, called carbon monoxide gas formed in an automobile when the fuel in the cylinders does not burn up completely, are incapable of any long continued work or other effort. Often they suffer from nervous exhaustion called neurasthenia.

Dr. Berman foresees no immediate reformation of the American character by means of diet.

What it is reasonable to hope for, however, is that better knowledge on the part of everybody that food does have much to do with character, ability, social habits and so on will enable many cases of ill health, unhappiness and bad adjustment to be corrected or prevented by physicians who will study each individual patient from the point of view and design a set of dietary recommendations taking all individual peculiarities into account.

"Like the Canadian Mounties" Always Get My Man"

Wealthy Mr. Bronson Says Edythe Made That Boast, As She Pursued and Made Him Marry Her, And Then He Reveals In Court What He Saw a Few Nights Later As He Peeped Through the Window At His Bride



Mrs. Edythe Bronson.

"THE testimony of any woman as immoral as this wife has shown herself to be by pursuing the defendant in the shameful manner she did is absolutely worthless. On the other hand, the court cannot summon up words harsh enough to describe the conduct of the defendant. If he had any regard for the social position of man and wife he would have burst into the room to stop such illicit relations as he describes instead of sneaking around as he did. He is less than a man in my estimation. If Bronson had any backbone, he would have resisted her demands to marry her. His testimony is worth nothing. Hers less."

In disgust, Presiding Judge Virgil J. Terrill of the Cleveland Criminal Court, was moved to utter these scathing words recently to a pair of wealthy newly-weds. For many hours the court had listened to tales of a "shot-gun marriage in high life," six days of "cat-and-dog" honeymoon and then a bridegroom paying \$2,000 to his friend for compromising his tipsy bride, of bringing witnesses to peep through a window at her as she, in a transparent nightie, and his friend, in the bridegroom's best black silk 'honeymoon pajamas, kissed and embraced. The bridegroom even timed his bride's kisses, one of which lasted more than a minute.

The bride, whose cheerfully confessed delinquencies and her unblushing pursuit and capture of the wealthy man she was after, had astonished even a Criminal Court Judge, in Mrs. Edythe Hill Dusek Bronson, 24-year-old red-headed divorcée and daughter of C. C. Hill, manager of the American Steel & Wire Co. She had charged her husband, George A. Bronson, wealthy president of a local music publishing house, with "assault and battery with intent to kill." It is no easy matter to huck a Criminal Court Judge, but this pair managed to achieve that dubious distinction.

Judge Terrill, in throwing the case out, said:

"The court cannot say beyond reasonable doubt that there was assault with intent to kill or even assault and battery committed. The court therefore discharges the defendant."

It seemed from the Judge's words and manner that personally he would have had more respect for the bridegroom if he had been guilty by stepping into his wife's boudoir and administering the assault and battery to both wife and intruder which, according to the testimony, they so richly deserved.

The romance, which perhaps it can be called on the theory that romance, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, threatened to culminate in marriage, shortly after New Year in Denver

where George Bronson had gone to attend to an important matter. The Judge's indignation against Mrs. Bronson was first aroused by her unrefined confession that she had pawned her jewelry for money to buy a ticket to Denver, in order to get at Bronson. How vigorously this divorcee, at that time Mrs. Dusek, "got at" her client, was asserted by Nate Cook, Bronson's lawyer, in his opening statement. He said:

"When this woman reached Denver, she told Bronson she was like the Canadian Mounted Police—she always got her man."

Mrs. Bronson admitted that she had spent a night with the music man in Denver and he testified that they had been intimate on several previous occasions. For these favors the red-headed "go-getter" thought Bronson ought to marry her. When that gentleman did not see why he should have his happiness forced on him, he says she gave him the following reason:

"I caused a lot of unfavorable publicity for my first husband and I'll do the same for you if you don't marry me."

Mrs. Bronson's first husband was Earl Dusek, a star athlete at the University of Pittsburgh. Their divorce two years ago awarded her the custody of their two children. However, the account of the depression, the profits from that divorce were enough to keep her in the style she desired, so Edythe went to work in a Cleveland department store.

Bronson did not realize that he was meeting his next wife when he went there to exchange some underwear and made the decision then and there. As he left, her parting remark was a suggestion to call her up sometime. Not knowing her name or telephone number, this struck him as a strange request until he got home and opened the package. There was her name and number neatly pencilled on the box.

"Did you call her up?" Assistant County Prosecutor Frank D. Celebrezze asked.

"Yes, the next day."

And the amiable Edythe a day or two later accompanied him to his apartment, he testified.

In spite of these favors and suggestions of ruin by publicity, Bronson continued to decline the honor of her heart and hand in matrimony. Soon after he



The Apartment-Hotel Where the Bronsons Spent Their Wretched Honeymoon and Mr. Bronson Peeped in at His Bride.



Mrs. Bronson and Her Two Daughters, Elaine and Vivian, by a Previous Marriage.

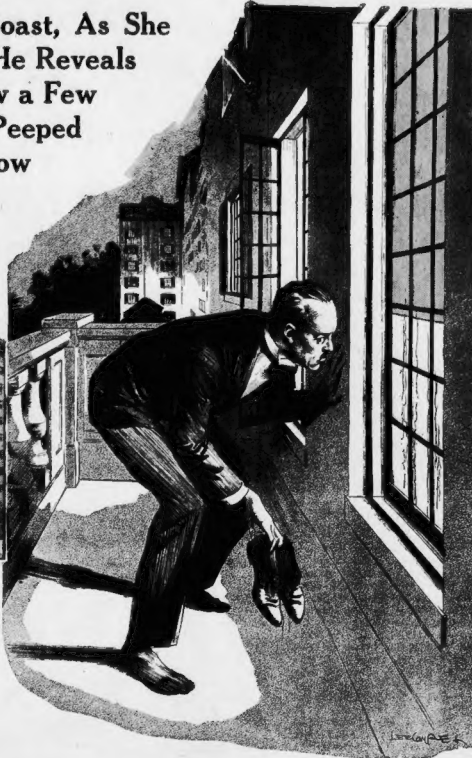
returned from his trip to Denver, Mrs. Dusek's parents formally announced their daughter's engagement to Bronson. When George read the news in the local papers he summoned reporters and denied it.

"Why?" he said modestly, "there are 400 girls in this town who want to marry me."

According to seniority ranking, Edythe should have been at the bottom of the list, but "six-days-and-dog" honeymoon. He jumped all the other 400 claims. Her method, it was testified, was to consult John A. Elden, Cleveland lawyer and former state commissary of the American Legion, and permit George to know that they were discussing a \$100,000 breach of promise suit which he suspected would be conducted about as quietly as a three-ring circus. His intentions promptly became serious—in fact, he was more than serious, he was alarmed. Two days later George and Edythe were married in Ripley, N. Y.

A shotgun marriage, nothing less. The unorthodox bridegroom is said to have told his friends as he set out on George's apartment in the fashionable Westlake Hotel, at Rocky River, and Edythe was married in Ripley, N. Y. The first evening of their return to George's apartment in the fashionable Westlake Hotel, at Rocky River, occurred those events which brought the couple into court. On the witness stand, Mrs. Bronson, often in tears and sometimes accusing the defense counsel of "trying to get her all excited," gave her version.

Edythe said that her husband had introduced her to his friend, Ross Dunbar, who happened to occupy the next apartment in the hotel. The three had dined together at a restaurant and then George had sent the other two



Bronson Had Been Married Less Than a Week When He Became Uneasy About the Doings of His Bride. Coming Home Unexpectedly at Night, He Took Off His Shoes, Crept Along the Balcony of the Hotel, Peeped in the Window—and the Judge Shut Him Off From Testifying as to the Details of What He Saw.

Later her husband had come in, accused her of infidelity and committed the alleged assault and battery, of which the Judge had his doubts. On the witness stand the bridegroom gave the following account of that eventful evening.

"My wife called me up at the office about 9 o'clock on the night of March 29—within six days of our marriage—and told me that Ross Dunbar, who was waiting for me at our suite in the Westlake Hotel, was a 'nice fellow' and that they were drinking up a quart of whiskey and having a good time," Mr. Bronson said.

"I got suspicious, because she talked with a thick tongue, and called her back in a few minutes and said I would not be home that night, that I had to go to Worcester on a business trip."

"Then I drove home in a hurry. I went to the door of our apartment and listened. They were both calling each other pet names and I knew something improper was going on. Then I went into Dunbar's room next door, as I had the key for it."

"I walked out on the balcony, overlooking the lagoon, and peeped into my own suite. There was a whisky bottle, ginger ale bottles, and highballs on the living-room table."

"Dunbar was lying on the divan in a suit of my best black silk pajamas, and Mrs. Bronson was dressed in a transparent black silk nightgown. They were kissing, and one of the kisses lasted not less than a minute."

Mr. Bronson said he then hurried away to get witnesses and returned with Herbert Harland, his sales manager, and a Mr. Richardson. The three of them went to the balcony and peeped, he said.

"I took off my shoes," Bronson related, "and tiptoed to the window again. Dunbar was still with my wife. Altogether I made six trips to the window so I could get a better view. That was about 12:45 o'clock by that time; things were getting pretty active."

"That's enough," said Judge Terrill,

stopping Mr. Bronson's narrative.

Though the peeping bridegroom was not permitted to reveal any more of what he had seen, he was allowed to say:

"It made me mad."

Some people recomended counting 20 when angry before speaking or doing anything, and if real angry counting 100. George did even better, slipping quietly away and sitting in his car two hours, long enough to have counted up the national deficit. At 2:15 a. m. this one husband in a million returned to his apartment, nicely cooled down.

"My wife," he continued, "did not know that we had been peeping. I asked her to tell me the truth. She said she would if I would forgive her. I told her I was through and that I intended to take her home. She cried and said she wouldn't do it again."

"Then she grabbed me by the hair and said, 'When I get mad, I get mad plenty. I get like a tiger woman.' She said, 'If you close your eyes I'll kill you.' She had a brass mirror in her hand and I knew she was desperate. I asked her to be sensible and she called me vile names."

Mr. Bronson denied he hurt Mrs. Bronson in any way, saying categorically he never scratched her, poked his finger in her eye or struck her. Mrs. Bronson claims he did.

"When she realized I would not forgive her," Bronson said, "she telephoned her father. Then she left the apartment, and called the police. I met them in the elevator and she asked them to arrest me."

If the "outraged" husband failed to get as angry as he should have under the circumstances, apparently the wife who, he says, betrayed him, more than made up for the deficiency. For good measure, she had him arrested and dragged to court to answer for the terrific beating to which she was entitled but seemingly did not get. On cross-examination, he testified that he had not had five previous wives, merely three.

Apparently this careless pair took the Judge's denunciation somewhat to heart. Bronson sold out his business and went to Hawaii and Mrs. Bronson went into such strict retirement at the home of her parents that nobody has been able to see her, even the process server with papers in her husband's divorce suit.

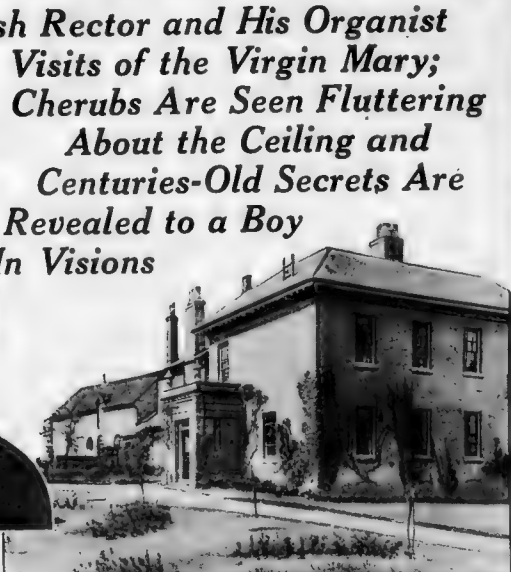
Mr. George A. Bronson. But the Happy Happening Is Not Because of His Matrimonial Venture.

Angels Beheld in Church by Pastor and Worshipers?

An English Rector and His Organist Describe Visits of the Virgin Mary; Cherubs Are Seen Fluttering About the Ceiling and Centuries-Old Secrets Are Revealed to a Boy In Visions



Dr. Frank Clive Luget, Who Says He Has Seen the Blessed Virgin 200 Times.



The Rectory in Which Pastor Luget Alleges He Saw Cherubs Fluttering About the Ceiling. Through the Window at the Right of the Porch the Virgin Mary Was First Seen in the Church Garden.

LONDON, May 26—At least a score of persons declare they have seen angels hovering around All Saints Church, in the little village of Middleton, East Angles. The rector, Dr. Frank Clive Luget, is positive he has recognized among the visitors from the other world the figure of the Virgin Mary. Others say they, too, have seen the Mother of the Saviour, and a boy of seven has even talked with her and been entrusted with secrets of the church hidden for centuries.

All Saints is one of the oldest churches in England. Its exact origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but the original edifice goes back to the tenth century, before the coming of the Normans. Its original name is said to have been the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and since he has seen that he is sure was the figure of Mary, the rector, Dr. Luget, has changed the name back to this.

The change has not been acceptable to all the parishioners and the disappointed ones have appealed to the Bishop of Chelmsford to investigate the entire situation, beginning with the first "appearance" of the angels last December. Besides the Virgin Mary, the rector says he has often seen at one time a dozen angels and seraphs in the church during services and in his bedroom at the rectory. He declares he has seen the Holy Mother at least two hundred times and he is convinced that this portends the second coming of Christ.

"The Holy Mother of Christ is walking the land again," Dr. Luget said. "She walks in this place and now we are enjoined to speak. This is no ghost hunt; it is something sacred from heaven. Why it should have been chosen for her to come to this little village, I know not, but it is a message of preparation for the second coming of Christ? She is appearing and has appeared to us."

"It began in December. On the evening of December 11, I and a young boy, Jack Carrier, my housekeeper's son, both saw a most beautiful lady on the lawn outside the rectory dining room window. A dazzling blue light surrounded her and I realized at once that this was no earthly creature but an apparition from heaven. We watched, spellbound, for quite a long time and the vision then disappeared. Two days later when three of us—Jack Carrier, Dr. Thornberry, the church warden and organist, and myself—were in the same room, we were startled by a brilliant light coming through the window. We rushed to look out and there, on the grass, we saw a figure clad in white with a blue veil thrown about her head.

"Dr. Thornberry went outside and walked to within a few yards of the vision and then, overcome by its beauty, he fell to the ground and we saw the figure lift its hands as if in blessing. It then slowly walked away toward the village."

"Since then I have seen Our Lady many times, nearly every day. Sometimes she walks on the rectory lawn; more often she is in the church where she usually stands on the gospel side of the altar. And angels, as many as half a dozen at a time, are seen hovering about her bodies and wings; some are just winged heads like Murillo's cherubs."

The rector added that the cherubs often visited his bedroom and that he would go to sleep and wake up with them flying about the ceiling.

Dr. Thornberry declares he also has seen the angels and cherubs in the garden. He has had the closest view of the Virgin Mary.

"The beauty of Our Lady is simply indescribable," he said. "Her face is that of a young woman of Jewish



The Tree-Surrounded Little Church in Middleton, England, Where the Angels Are Seen.

countenance; her hair, almost covered by the veil, is dark brown, and her eyes are a most wonderful deep blue. She wears a flowing white dress drawn up rather high in the throat, a white girdle and a long blue veil. Her feet do not show. I remember noticing that she did not carry a rosary. Her height is about five feet six inches, and she has a glorious air of gentle majesty."

Perhaps the most remarkable and inexplicable result of the visitations has been the finding of long-lost details in the walls of the church and the ruins of an earlier structure dating back to pre-Norman days. It was another boy, seven-year-old Francis, son of organist Dr. Thornberry, through whom were discovered both the secret places in the walls and the design of the earlier structure.

"The Beautiful Lady" appeared to Francis in his dreams, and talked to him. After one of these "talks," he marked in chalk certain spots on the walls of the old church. His father and Dr. Luget carefully examined these places and were able to uncover hazes of the past. Several of the ruins were found after Francis had dreamed of the "Beautiful Lady."

The boy also dreamed that a spring would burst forth near the rectory and, when it did, it would flow for a few days and then dry up, to flow again later on. Sure enough, a spring did appear in the garden, flowed a few days and then disappeared. The church officers are confident that it will flow again, just as the boy dreamed.

After another appearance of the vision, Francis gave his father and the



The Rev. G. E. Smith, Rector of a Church at Boring, England, Who Saw "Ghosts" on the Lawn.

rector a detailed description of an original Norman porch over the south door of the church, which was destroyed many years ago. This porch was built, it is believed, in the eleventh or twelfth century. No one living had the remotest idea what it looked like.

After his vision, Francis described the battlements, carved stone sides and windows, into this picture fitted perfectly, like the last piece in a jigsaw puzzle, a handsome medieval lion carved from wood which had accidentally been unearthed some time before in the rectory yard and had at the time puzzled the church officers as to where it belonged.

Francis' dream apparently solved the mystery and as a result of what he told them Dr. Thornberry and Dr. Luget have made further search of the church grounds and have uncovered practically all the parts of the ancient Norman church described by the boy. The old porch will be restored as it stood eight or ten centuries ago.

In still another dream, Francis was told the hiding places of lost documents considered by Dr. Luget to be of vital importance to the church and parish. These have not yet been recovered, but



Murillo's Famous Painting of the Virgin Mary Surrounded by Cherubs. It Was a Vision Such as This That Was Beheld by the Rector, the Organist and the Boy.

They assert. The rector particularly noted the cherubs flying about with only head and wings, as portrayed by Murillo.

The Hundred Years' War. Time and events have flowed past, leaving the old church unscathed. The little village has lived on, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot."

To this out-of-the-way little place came the present rector two years ago. He belonged to the High Church section of the Anglican Faith, the Established Church of England, and he conducted his services accordingly. Some of the villagers objected to the burning of incense during services and refused to call the rector "Father."

They quit the village church, preferring to walk the two or three miles to the churches in Sudbury or Henny.

Other parishioners remained loyal to the Middleton church, but a few weeks ago, when Dr. Luget first revealed his visions, trouble broke out anew. Although these visions appeared early in December, and had been appearing almost constantly ever since, it was not until a recent Sunday that the rector made them public.

Speaking on the text, "What went ye out for to see," he told of these miraculous manifestations. The air in the church was heavy with the incense used in the service, the candles on the altar flickered fitfully, casting moving shadows over the blue and white cloths that hang on either side. But the subdued light from the stained-glass windows, the choir, through the beautiful Norman arch of the nave, seemed veiled in mystery.

The rector, in recounting these experiences of the supernatural—the visions of angels hovering over the altar, of groups of cherubs floating among the casket rafters, of the "beautiful visions of Our Lady" standing beside the altar rails, and of seeing the Crucifixion in the sky—spoke with ecstasy and profound reverence. His story held the congregation spellbound, until one girl broke into hysterics, and had to be carried from the church, while another, almost overcome, had to rest in the open air of the porch.

With the rector's public announce-

ment of these visions the smouldering resentment of a section of the villagers found definite voice, and the village lined up into two camps. The agitation spread to the neighboring town of Sudbury and now the greater part of England is taking part in the controversy. A great many devout persons accept the stories of the Virgin Mary, the angels and cherubs and point triumphantly to the physical facts of the revelation of the hagiocopes and ambry, the Norman porch and the spring which bubbled out of the rectory garden. But so serious became the rift in the parish that services had to be held under police protection. The excitement was increased by the arrival of hundreds of curious strangers from all over England as the stories of the visions spread.

A few Sundays ago, after morning services, the rector announced that the church would be closed for the remainder of the day and the grounds locked. In the afternoon a great demonstration was staged outside the church gates, attended by a large number of villagers and people from adjoining parishes. After speeches, prayers and the reading of the petition to the Bishop of Chelmsford, the crowd forced the gates of the church ground and swarmed round the church and rectory. For a time it seemed that ugly scenes must follow, but the tact and efficiency of the local constable prevailed and the demonstrators departed peacefully.

Sceptical inhabitants claim the miraculous spring has been seen near the rectory door several times before, and that it is caused by the rise of water in the lake. One man, who has worked for the rector of Middleton for years, declared that he saw the figures of a woman and two headless coachmen in the lake. The incident caused a sensation in the district, and eventually led to riotous scenes around the parsonage.

But Dr. Luget, Dr. Thornberry and the two boys continue to behold the visions they declare. They are backed by members of the choir and some of the still loyal parishioners who must, they too, see the angels and cherubs hovering around the altar in the incense-laden church.

These have not yet been recovered, but

Photographs the Bandits Left Behind

A Remarkable Roll of Films Found by Police After Gunmen and Their "Molls" Shot Their Way Out of Their Hideout Showing Brazen Pride In Their Murderous Profession and the Deadly Tools of Their Trade.



This Playful Photograph Left by the Bandits Shows Clyde Barrow, Leader of the Gang, and Bonnie Parker, His "Moll," Bonnie Is "Holding-Up" Clyde With a Sawed-Off Shotgun. While She Reaches for a Stag-Handled Revolver in His Belt Which Had Been Stolen From a Police Officer They Had Kidnaped.



Clyde Barrow, Posing in Front of the Bandits' Automobile With a Proud Display of Revolvers, Sawed-Off Shotgun and a High Caliber Rifle. This Was One of the Six Undeveloped Negatives Found in the Gunmen's Den in Joplin, Missouri.



Bonnie Parker, "Guns Moll" Companion of Clyde Barrow, Posing as the Tough Girl the Police Know She Is—Cigar in Mouth and Pistol in Hand.

WITHOUT the slightest warning a withering blast of machine gun, sawed-off shotgun and rifle fire burst from a little concrete house upon five policemen of Joplin, Missouri, recently.

Taken completely by surprise, two policemen fell dying and the three survivors, after emptying their pistols, saw the doors of the garage beneath the house swing open as a car, containing two notorious bandits and their "molls" with guns blazing, came charging out and got safely away.

A short distance down the road the murderers bowed, smiled and waved to some horrified spectators at a gas filling station. Their proud expressions would make one imagine that they were a newly-elected President and his family, or Royalty, accepting the homage of the public rather than cold-blooded murderers. The vanity of the modern professional murderer is well understood by the police, but these killers have carried it to extremes hitherto unknown, as proved when the police searched that hornet's nest which they had so carelessly disturbed.

While the murder car and its four occupants were speeding safely along to some other hide-away, police reserves were searching the bandit fortress. Besides what they had taken, with them in the car, which was probably about all they could carry, the gang had left in the closet eight guns, three revolvers, four rifles and a machine gun. The police found upstairs plenty of exclusive clothes of both sexes, showing that Buck Barrow had not only supported his wife but supported her well.

The bandits also abandoned four diamonds which were identified as part of the loot taken in a recent burglary of the Neosho Milling Co.'s establishment. Another grim joke which the police do not think very funny was left behind in the form of Governor "Ma" Ferguson's pardon papers without which playful Buck would have been in a Texas prison instead of enjoying his life of crime. But most interesting and curious of

all was a roll of six undeveloped film, taken by the bandits, which the police proceeded to develop for them. These pictures had evidently been taken before Ma Ferguson set Buck free. They are only of his murderous brother Clyde and a "gun-moll" known as Bonnie Parker. The one of which that gentleman is perhaps proud-dest shows sweet Bonnie holding up Clyde with a sawed-off shotgun such as he used in the Joplin murders. With her other hand she is reaching for a stag-handled revolver in his belt. Vanity compelled Clyde to display that revolver conspicuously because he had stolen it from a police officer whom he and his gang had kidnaped.

In another photograph Clyde posed in front of a stolen automobile, surrounded by a proud array of revolvers, shotguns and a high-caliber rifle. Just as a hero home from the war would have his picture taken with his rifle, tin hat and decorations. One of the pictures shows a bullet-riddled traffic sign which Clyde has ruined by sog as a target. One of the "Bonnie Parker" is really the same woman known to the police as the "kissing bandit" of Kansas City. She is a suitable moll for such vicious gunmen. She is a three-time fugitive from the penitentiary. She first escaped from the prison in May, 1927, and was at liberty four years when she was captured in Chicago. November 4, 1931, she again fled from the prison and was recaptured the following day. She was sent to Jefferson City from Kansas City to serve twenty-five years for highway robbery, but once more escaped.

She earned the nickname of the "kissing bandit" because of her habit to blow a kiss from her carnal lips upon the victims she and her companions held up. Such was her way of repaying the victims for the pleasures taken from them. This bit of sentimentality was a great idea because it won Bonnie lots of publicity. Among the other things left behind in the block house was the following unfinished poem:

THE STORY OF SUICIDE SAL.

By Bonnie Parker
We, each of us, have a good alibi
For being down here in the joint;
But few of them are really justified.
If you get right down to the point.

You have heard of a woman's glory
Being spent on a downright cur.
Still you can't always judge the story.
As true being told by her.

As long as I stayed on the island
And heard confidence tales from gals,
There was only one interesting and truthful.
It was the story of "Suicide Sal."

Now Sal was a girl of rare beauty,
Her features were somewhat tough.
She never once faltered from duty,
To play on the up and up.

Sal told me this tale on the evening
Before she was turned out free,
And I'll do my best to relate it.
Just as she told it to me:

I was born on a ranch in Wyoming.
Not treated like Helen of Troy,
Was taught that rode was rulers,
And ranged with greedy cow-boys.



Clyde Barrow, With His Arms Through a Hole in a Highway Sign Made by Shots From His High-Power Rifle. This Was a Convenient Target for Practicing and Show-Some of the Revolver Bullets on the Left-Hand Side of the Signboard.

Bonnie Parker's poem was unfinished—it may have been that the girl was at work on this bit of literature when the voice of her sweetheart in the garage below called out the warning that the police had arrived and he wanted all hands to come downstairs and bring the guns and pistols. The police had visited the place in their ordinary routine of work to investigate a tip, like hundreds of others, that they might find a stolen car. There was no reason to expect resistance and therefore they had only their regulation pistols and even those were not drawn.

Had they been at all suspicious, they might have noticed that here was a house designed and placed in such a way as to be a perfect bandit's fortress. Built of concrete blocks, it was proof against rifle, pistol and machine gun fire and planned somewhat like the old square blockhouse used for defense against the Indians, except that the upper story did not overhang the lower—that would have been a little too suggestive.

The living quarters of this modern bandit stronghold were in the upper story. On the ground floor was the spacious garage containing stolen cars, ready for an instant getaway. Like every kind of fortress from the castles of the old robber barons to the "pill-

boxes" of the World War, this was strategically placed so that nobody could reach it unobserved. Under the stairs was a neat convenient closet, full of guns and ammunition, handy to get at, whether the inmates wished to fire from the upper windows, the lower ones, or bundle their arsenal into a car.

State Troopers G. B. Kahler and W. E. Grammer, having heard that several cars with license plates of other states were kept in the garage, thought it ought to be investigated. They asked Harry McGinnis, a motor car detective of the Joplin police, to go with them. Being a policeman he had to be very careful to obey the law and first obtained a search warrant. Then he, Thomas De Graff, city detective, and J. W. Harryman, a county constable, got into a police car and followed the troopers to the block house in a section known as Freeman Grove, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

As they approached slowly over the bumpy, unfinished street, they saw a man, later identified as Clyde Barrow, wanted for half a dozen killings in Texas and elsewhere, standing outside the garage. Clyde stepped in and closed the door. They did not know that he had done this to shut a warning to his brother, Buck Barrow, the burglar-convict whom Ma Ferguson had just pardoned out of a Texas penitentiary because he wanted to support his wife. He was keeping his promise because one of the "molls" was that wife and he was supporting her in his usual way.

The two women and Buck hurried down stairs and while Buck started the engine of one of the cars that had been hidden in, ready for such emergencies, the women handed Clyde what he asked for from the arsenal, first a sawed-off shotgun, then a sub-machine gun, a high powered rifle and finally a brace of pistols.

Clyde, seeing five officers approaching, supposed that it meant an arrest for some of his many crimes and the four had no hesitation about what to do. The punishment for ten murders is no worse than for one and therefore they were perfectly willing to kill any or all of these officers as well as any bystanders who might blunder into range. The thing had no doubt been rehearsed many times and now it went

off without a hitch. The troopers in their highway patrol car came in to stop some distance beyond the garage. The police car, driven by De Graff, ran into the garage driveway and stopped a few feet from one of the two pairs of doors. Constable Harryman, with the warrant in his hand, got out and went to the garage to show his authority as the law requires. The door opened enough to poke out the short barrel of a sawed-off shotgun. There was a roar as Clyde emptied its slugs into the neck and left shoulder of the constable, who fell dying on the concrete.

McGinnis was in the act of stepping out of the car when he heard the explosion. Before he could get out and draw his gun, Clyde had dropped his shotgun and one of the "molls" had handed him the machine gun, with which he sprayed the police car.

At the first burst, the automobile detective was hit and reeled against the car but he fired back at the party open garage door. The reply was a second burst of bullets under which he fell, mortally wounded. In a duel between a machine gun and a pistol, the pistol has almost no chance at all because the machine gunner does not need to aim straight. It is only necessary to swing the muzzle of the machine gun across his target as one would a hose. And like a hose it is almost impossible to miss at close range.

Had Dr. Graff followed his brother's offer into the line of fire, he would undoubtedly have followed them into the grave. However, he had the good sense to jump out the other side of the car and, using it as a shield, return the fire as best he could until his pistol was empty.

Then, with daring dash he ran into full view of the bandits and picked up the pistol of the dying McGinnis. After he had emptied this also, he took shelter behind a corner of the building. The two troopers in trying to protect him had almost exhausted their ammunition. The advantage had been with the bandits from the start and now the fourth helpless and the fifth almost so. This was the moment for the getaway.

Out came the bandits' car, its bumper pushing the garage doors open. In it sat the two women and Buck Barrow, with three guns, cracking at Kahler peeping from behind his car. Barrow the way was the police car. While his companions covered his escape, he jumped out, released the parking brake of the obstructing car and hurried back to his own.

Kahler chose this moment to let go his precious bullet and says that it hit the police car. But jumped up and got into the car which pushed the police car out the way and in a few seconds was out of sight in a cloud of dust, driven by Buck, the pardoned burglar. If Kahler's last bullet hit Clyde it was not a serious wound because he was back and beating with the others as the murder car passed the filling station.

How I Lived 6 Years as a

Mrs. Arkell Smith, Who Masqueraded as "Col. Vic World War Veteran, at Last Reveals the Secret Astonishing Exploit and How She Managed Many Delicate Situations



"Colonel Victor Barker, Barb," in His Various Bogus War Medals and Decorations.

By "Colonel Victor Barker"
CHAPTER III.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

I WAS now working as the office assistant of Dr. Gray-Maitland at Dudley. Six feet tall, muscular, but lean from my previous hero-man job, I looked every inch a man.

Yet I was a little afraid at first that the doctor's eye, trained in anatomy, would penetrate my disguise. But before being a doctor he was a man, and the normal man is too busy with his own business to have personal thoughts about a satisfactory employee. Also I smoked a rank pipe and strong cigars and every morning went through the motions of shaving. To make sure that he noticed this ceremony I cut myself one morning.

The only question he asked was how I learned to be so handy around a doctor's office. It would not do to tell the truth, that I had been a war nurse, so I explained that it had been my intention to be an M. D. and I had picked up a little preliminary training.

"You would have made a good one," he answered. It was a dangerous thought to put in my head, for at once loomed the idea that since I had gotten away with various military titles and that of knighthood, I could be a doctor with profit. They say that half of a patient's troubles are imaginary and most of the real ones get better of their own accord. With my nurse's experience I could tell if a person was really sick and turn him over to a specialist who would split the fee with me. I have succeeded in much harder things, but thank heaven I did not try that imposture.

To earn more money I took a job tending gas furnaces in a tile factory. One day I was working at a new furnace, and the next thing I knew I opened my eyes on the couch in the doctor's office, just in the nick of time, for they had just started to undress and put me to bed. I had been overcome by gas fumes. Another minute and the secret of my sex would have been discovered.

From the effects of the gas I rallied quickly enough, but that narrow escape from exposure upset my nerves, for which the doctor gave me bromides. In a few days I broke out in what I thought was a bromide rash, and told the doctor I had better stop the stuff. He took one look and said:

"Bromide nothing! You have chicken pox." Now I had my heart set on going to the Virmose Ball, in a few days, so I told the doctor that I had had chicken pox the year before and he wasn't going to scare me out of that ball. But when the day came I was not among the dancers, but in a hospital, with a combination of chicken pox, gastric influenza and pneumonia, to say nothing of abject terror.

At last the thing I dreaded above all others had happened. I was helpless in a hospital. The nurse was bound to bathe me, rub me with alcohol and do other things which beyond any possible doubt would betray that her patient was a woman. In no way could I imagine any conceivable escape, and then good luck presented one.

In every hospital there are one or two lazy, shiftless, incompetent nurses. Why such people are employed while so many able and faithful



The Distinguished British Actress, Mrs. Pat Campbell, in Whose Company "Colonel Barker" Had the Good Luck to Obtain a Part and Then by an Exhibition of Actors' Temperament Lost It.

ones are looking for work is a mystery. A bad nurse is worse than a bad doctor, and ordinarily is a calamity to a patient, but to me she was a blessing. The moment I saw her sullen, Bolshevik face a plan began to form in my feverish brain.

"Look here!" I said the moment we were alone. "I don't like you. I don't want you to touch me. I am a medical student and can look after myself better than you could do it. You just bring things to me and let me alone and I won't complain about you."

"All right," answered the sullen lout, glad to get out of that much work. "Suit yourself."

I did, even to taking my own temperature and writing up my chart. And thus, by rare luck of having a good-for-nothing nurse, I was able to get away with what I or anyone else would have thought impossible.

Some months later it became necessary to have an operation on my nose, and I went to the hospital for it on the understanding that it was to be with a local anesthetic. The surgeon had hardly gotten started when, to my horror, he announced that he would have to give ether, after all. The best I could do was to insist that they must not undress me, and again I got away with it.

Doctors and hospitals seemed to entangle me altogether too much for comfort, so I went south, where I obtained a job on a fruit farm at Blackheath in Sussex. I was there for a short time and then got another situation as manager of a dairy farm with a pedigree-recorded herd of cows and bulls.

I used to be in the milking sheds at 5 a. m., and every drop of milk had to be weighed and recorded under the name of each particular cow, and according to the yield of milk of each one she had to have so much more food other than pasture. Hard, never-ending work, but it enabled me to get quite fit again, and then I got back to London once more to see about a theatrical engagement.

I have already related some of my previous experiences on the stage, and I regretted that I had been foolish enough to make a display of



Photograph of "Colonel Barker" Laying a Wraith on the London Cenotaph, for the "Mons Club," Which She Founded. It is an Extraordinary Fact That This Remarkable Woman Had Posed as a Hero of the Great Battle of Mons and Had Even the Nerve to Found a Veterans' Club, of Which She Was Made Commanding Officer.

actors' temperament which cost me my position with Mrs. Pat Campbell. She was one of the outstanding actresses of the moment, and I tried hard but unsuccessfully to again associate myself with her company.

I had learned the actor's supreme self-confidence, and I was not modest in the estimate of my abilities when a job was at stake. Finally I applied at a well-known theatrical agent's office, and when he asked me if I could sing, I promptly said "Yes."

I could—in fact, I had rather a decent voice for a woman, of fairly low register, and I had been taught something about voice production. But it was different singing as a man.

"Right," said the agent. "Let's hear you." So then and there I had to sing a few bars of a song in a low tenor voice which I evidently manipulated to my satisfaction, for I got an engagement to play second juvenile lead in a musical comedy, "The Gay Bamboula," on tour. The part was that of "Prince Nestor," a dashing young hero who had to engage in love duets with the leading lady, who, naturally, was a soprano.

To be strictly truthful, this was really no trick at all. To sing on the ordinary stage today it is no longer necessary to have either voice or training. Outside of opera and concert work, with a few exceptions, they do not sing any more. The style now is to shout songs, whine them through the nose, croon them, do anything to them but sing them. Any loud voice is good enough, and even that isn't necessary. If it is too weak to reach the back of the house you can use a megaphone. As I had done a little choir singing, my voice was unnecessarily well trained.

It was no end of fun, during rehearsals, to be making impassioned love to the "princess" with a pack of chorus girls dancing around us. Then came a dreadful and unexpected shock which so "unmanned" me that I almost resigned. It was just before the dress rehearsal when the assistant stage manager handed a box in at the dressing room door, saying:

"Here's yours, Mr. Gaunlett." I opened the thing and found it was my costume, consisting of skin-fitting tights. With sinking heart, I put them on and gazed at myself in the mirror. Right then I realized that Caryle was wrong when he said that clothes make the man. It is clothes that make the woman, but only trousers can make a man.

This was the first time I had ever thought of appearing in public without trousers of some sort. As I glared at myself in the mirror it seemed that I looked exactly what I was, a woman impersonating a man. I was on the verge of most unmanly hysterics when the call boy knocked on my door. A few moments later the stage manager angrily burst in to tell me that I was holding up the dress rehearsal. In a trance, I stumbled onto the stage and went through the

THE British public was told "Col. Victor Barker" was a woman. For this hero, living as a man among himself with many medals and Club of veterans and posed. But "Col. Barker" is a woman she reveals the secret of why and she explains many delicate she met them.

The reason I masqueraded would increase my prospects to live and to maintain my readers when following these



Photograph of the Mons Anniversary Celebration in London. The Veterans of Mons Are Seen Parading, While "Colonel Barker," the Original Walking as an Officer.

first act, my tingling ears expecting every moment to hear some one say something showing he had penetrated my disguise.

But they didn't. To my surprise nobody seemed to observe the feminine contours of my legs nor the more than masculine rear upholstery. The audience did not notice these obvious things either, and once more I had gotten away with it. But it was my most embarrassing moment.

Fortunately the star of this company was interested sufficiently elsewhere to be content with only the most perfunctory pretense at love interest on my part, off-stage. But it is the business of actors and actresses to go out as often as possible and meet all the people they can. A large acquaintance means money in the box office. On these parties, of course, everyone flirts a bit, and if I had not, they would have wondered what was the matter with me to be so cold to the fair sex.

As I was not really interested, I usually let some girl who liked my looks pick me out, which naturally made things easier. As I have said before, a woman, disguised as a man, can make love more successfully than a real man because she knows just what the other woman wants to have said to her.

With almost no effort at all I got along with the women as well as any of the men, and no harm came of these little romantic masquerades except one for which I was sorry. One girl insisted on following up the acquaintance, and as I liked her, there seemed no harm in lunching and dining with her often, especially as I had announced at the very beginning that I had a wife who would never be divorced. Also I explained that my small salary would not permit of doing anything in the way of entertaining. At once she answered that by insisting on paying all the checks, mentioning that she had lots of money. I would not have that, and we compromised on each paying her own way.

Things went on like that for a few weeks and then one evening this quiet little miss, without any warning, and as calmly as if she were asking for a cigarette, made a proposition that I give up the stage and come to live with her. She had plenty of money for both and wanted me. Therefore, why not?

While I was still known as a woman I had listened to a few such propositions from men. But they had always been so nervous, embarrassed and slow in getting up their nerve that I

Man, With Men, and Fooled Everybody

or Barker," British
ts of Her

unness some months ago by the discovery that well-known figure about the London clubs—years he had masqueraded as a man and war men, and nobody suspected. He had provided and war decorations, he founded the "Mons is a hero of the famous battle.

man and the mother of two children. At last she undertook this remarkable masquerade, ite-situations which confronted her and how

led as a man," she writes, "was that I felt it of obtaining employment, and thus enable me n. I wish this ever to be in the minds of my revelations."



unizer of the Club, Is Shown With Bogus Decorations
licer Beside the Group.

always saw it coming long ahead, and, in order to get it over with, usually gave them some sort of a cue to make it easy to get it off their timid chests. But this girl calmly and fearlessly made it to what she supposed was a man.

As a woman I had no difficulty in making men take no for an answer. All I had to say was that I was not that kind of a girl and my virtuous ideals seemed reasonable and were respected. But when I took the same moral tone in declining now, with the added fact that I was supposed to be married, it did not go at all. I am afraid that women do not think a man can be virtuous just as a matter of principle. The parting was a bit hard and I was very sorry.

My next romance ended in a harrowing blaze of melodrama. On this occasion several members of a company in which I was appearing had been vited to a party after the show, and during the use of this little jollification I had singled out a pretty girl for a dancing partner. We had several dances together, and then I began to notice rather powerful-looking fellow standing over by the door glowering in my direction.

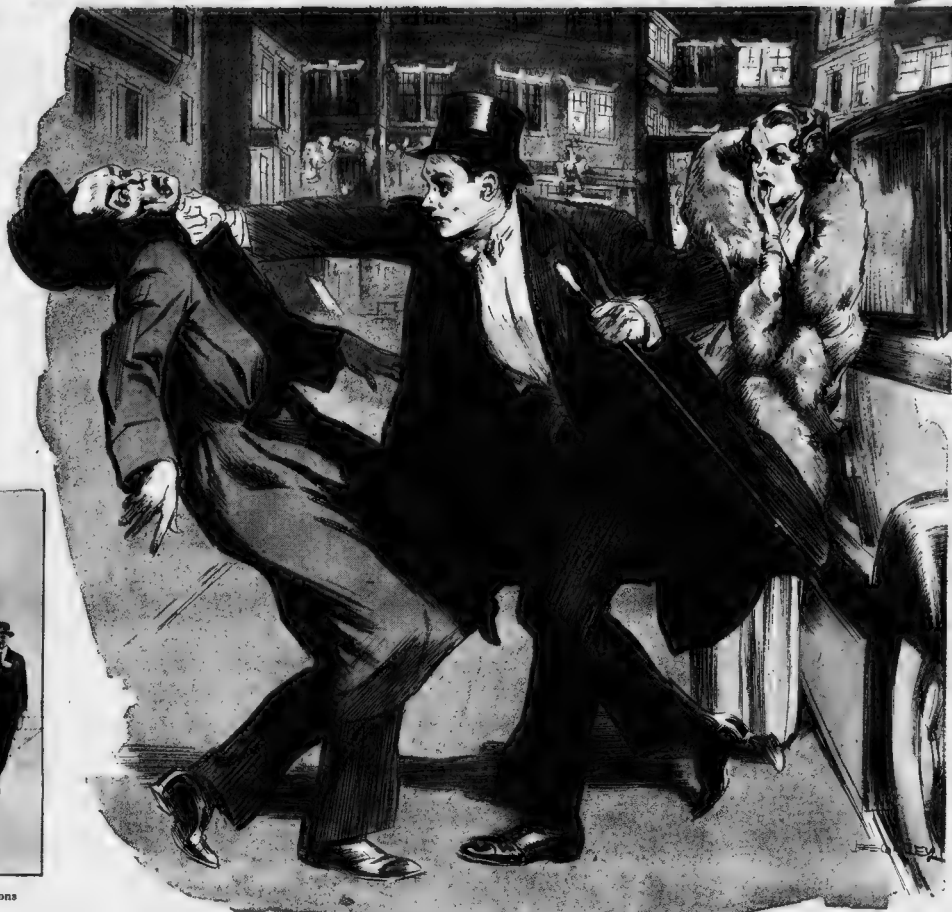
"The boy friend doesn't seem to like me," I said to my companion, and when she glanced across at the man she went pale.

"Oh, dear," she said in a frightened voice. "That's a man who has been pestering me for months. I used to be friendly with him and I broke it off, and now he is always following me about, and if I speak to anybody else he tries to create scenes."

This was another nasty snag, for I did not want to be embroiled in any sort of scene. I was anxious for a placid existence as far as I could get it. But I had to play my part, so, with great bravado, I said, "Well, if he tries my funny business while I'm with you he'll get all he asks for."

She looked up at me with admiring eyes. "You're wonderful," she said. "Everybody seems to be afraid of him because he's so big," and then she smiled again. "But then you are a fine, big man yourself, so I suppose you don't care."

At that I turned and took a more careful look. Just then several people stepped out of the way and I was able to realize the power and size of the man. No wonder everyone was afraid of him and I most of all. Also he had a fighting face which showed signs of liquor and looked plenty dangerous to me. However, my alarm was promptly relieved, because the management of



At an After-the-Theatre Party "Colonel Barker," in His Usual Evening Clothes, Was Escorting a Girl to a Cab When a Burly Russian Interposed and Offered Fight. "Colonel Barker" Did Not Relish the Situation, But as He Had Posed as the "Hero of Mons," There Was Nothing to Do But Face

the Angry Fists of His Powerful Opponent. Putting All His Strength Into the Blow, "Barker" Landed His Right on the Man's Chin, and Down He Went Into the Gutter. Before He Could Revive, "Barker" Had Pitched His Delighted Companion Into the Taxi and Was Away. This Incident Helped Establish the "Colonel" as a "Man's Man."

the place did not like his looks either and put him out. As he made no attempt to get back I felt sure that he had gone somewhere else to get more drinks and before long would go to sleep.

In the reaction of my relief I played my part of he-man a little stronger than was necessary. When my partner asked if I hadn't been even one teeny weeny bit scared, I informed her that a bully like that was nothing to me and that it was lucky for him he hadn't gotten in. Several hours later, when the party came to an end and we were all standing out on the sidewalk, my young lady pinched my arm and said expectantly:

"Here he comes now." There he was bearing down on us, huge as a battleship and just as dangerous-looking. My knees began to tremble in my masculine trousers. What could I, a woman, pretending to be a man, do against this brute? At first he ignored me.

"You've dodged me all the evening," he snarled. "But now you are going to let me take you home."

What should I do? Everyone was looking on to see me, the "hero of Mons," play a hero's part. I had bluffed my way through this man-masquerade, for more than a year; perhaps another good bluff would get me out of this hole. Sternly as I could, in spite of my thumping heart, I interposed myself, saying:

"I beg your pardon but Miss — has asked me to take her home and I am afraid there will be no room for a third in the taxi."

"Get out of here!" he roared, and, to my crowning dismay, I saw his hands go into position which I knew indicated that he had some boxing skill. I have mentioned in a previous chapter that my father taught me to box when I was a little girl and that I had kept it up. But that would be of little avail against such weight and brute strength, plus skill. Then it flashed through my mind that his skill might be my salvation. The first rule my

father taught me was never to lead with my right. There are good reasons for this. If you do, your opponent has a nice chance to duck, step inside and knock your unprotected head off. Father would no more have led with his right than he would have put on his hat in church.

But women like to do everything "just opposite," including wearing their hats in church. Therefore, I had studied ways of leading with my right and yet avoiding the usual penalty for it. I did it now.

Putting everything I had into a right-hander, I caught him flush on the chin and down he went into the gutter. Before he could revive I had pitched the delighted Miss — into the taxi and was away.

Was I a he-man and a hero? Miss —, the taxi driver, the other actors and most of all the man I had smitten, would have taken their dying oath that I was. I began to think so myself. However, I did not go out with that girl again. Her large ex-friend would probably have turned up, with some ideas to try in case I should lead with my right again.

My stage career came to a sudden and silent end when one morning I awoke to find nothing left of my voice but a whisper. Probably it was the strain of singing that long tenor part in "The Gay Bamboula." At any rate, a "strong young man willing to do anything" was soon starting around London again. At this time I performed a service which I think even the score for unwittingly making the girl fall in love with me.

As I was walking around the Strand, Ingrid Waverly, a pretty little dancer only 17 years old, hailed me gleefully with the news that she had just gotten a wonderfully fine chance to dance in Paris, under the management of "such a darling kind woman." As she rattled on I began to suspect that the woman was too kind. Honest business people usually drive as hard a bargain as they can and make no pretense of kindness and generosity. It has been my experience that when an employer, or employee either, claims to be

working for anything but his own pocket he is some sort of a rascal.

So I went along and met this "darling woman," who, sure enough, just oozed with the milk of human kindness at every pore until I asked a few pointed questions. Then the milk soured and when I told her that I suspected she was nothing but an agent for luring girls to the Paris headquarters of the Argentine white slave syndicate, she let go such a blast of vile language as I have never heard before or since. Just then a policeman loomed in the distance and the "old darling" scuttled off down a side street, still cursing.

It was soon after this that I joined the National Fascisti of England and lived at their London headquarters, as a man, entirely unsuspected. This rash and seemingly almost impossible adventure causes many people to say that I must have been crazy or deliberately trying to be caught. As a matter of fact, I took the chance simply because I had to have food and lodging. One morning I came down from my miserable garret in which I was semi-starving and found a man staring at a letter in the hall. It was for me, addressed to Col. Barker, D. S. O. Sometimes I was Colonel, sometimes Captain and at others Sir Victor Barker, and among the cupful of decorations I had bought at pawnshops from time to time was the Distinguished Service Order.

The man introduced himself as Reginald Corry, a commandant of the National Fascisti. "Why don't you join us?" he pleaded. "You are the very type of man we need in our cause."

I dismissed the idea as impossible, but I did not dismiss the man himself because I was hungry and almost penniless and if I worked things right I might get a meal out of him somehow. So I let him argue and finally agreed to attend a meeting that very day at headquarters and look things over. The place was in Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, and consisted of an enormous hall

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Back to work with a fresh start

(Continued from Double Page)

And as the "Reds" invariably concentrated on the color-bearer for the purpose of tearing down

I was bleeding through a cut in my black shirt. My friends told me that I had been hit by a "Communist bomb," perhaps as

the excitement was over. It was not the men that I remembered best, but the Communist women, especially one with red-haired, rating four whom was to meet on later occasions and who was to take me to the special dislike to me. These "Red" women are used in a rather ingenious way. When the Communists are being driven out of the cities and the fight is going their way, the women hover at their homes, waiting for their time to come. If they turn out to be men, or the police arrive and try to arrest some of them, the women are the first to rush in and bind their women, or clutch their hands and begin clawing at the pursuers and uttering the most dramatic cries.

This brings a crowd from everywhere, which see what is going on, and then the whole body of the police and the regular women, and sometimes the bystanders are moved to rush to the aid of the Communist women.

(Continued from Page 18)

paused to light another cigarette, then went on, reflectively:
"As I see it, Doug's idea was

purpose of planting evidence against him."

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— 1911 —

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Blind-Man's-Buff By Florence Ruerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 19)

able to entice Lee out of his room, and Lee came.

"He took a chance on finding some way of putting the chloral hydrate into Aunt Hagar's food, and when he saw you pour out the wine, Phil, it suggested the next step.

"Lee's mention of Malinda's ghost stories gave him the idea of a waiting voice.

"Aunt Hagar's tale about seeing the shadowy shape coming from the tomb made him bring me those diaries of your grandfather's.

"On my very hand he sought to confuse us, to lead us up side paths. By leaving his plans fluid, open to change at any moment, he was able to seize upon every opportunity that offered, and make the most of it—which is, after all, exactly the method of a real business man."

"But the originality—"I began, and he chuckled.

"Nothing he did was original. Shrewd, I'll admit; but almost every move he made was taken from one of these detective stories of Aunt Hagar's. In 'Hide in the Dark,' you'll find a man murder in the middle of a game. In 'The Scarab Murder Case,' you'll

find the double twist of a murderer planting clues against himself in order to throw suspicion upon another. The very words he used in describing that weird call, 'an eerie wall . . . low but penetrating . . . falling into a sort of minor cadence at the end; you'll find in one of Sax Rohmer's Dr. Fu-Manchu stories.' Jimmy rose and stretched himself as though released from a strain.

"There's nothing startling, nothing unbelievable about this affair," he said, "if you take it from the psychological standpoint. The great difficulty with the world at large is that it thinks people eccentric and insane when they're only running contrary to the general herd of mankind. Sometimes a man's abnormality takes the form of an exaggeration of the so-called human virtues. When a man overdoes the cult of bodily well-being, as Doug did, when he makes a god of success, then look out, there's something wrong somewhere. What it is the psychologists can't agree. Freud still tells you it's sex. Fligel, that it's its environment. Schlegel, like me, that it's glims. Speaking of Schlegel, he picked up a copy of 'The New Criminology' from the desk and began turning the pages.

BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 17)

feel kindly enough toward me to keep what I have to say confidential."

"Sure, Roger . . . Sport," he answered genially. Timothy had a real fondness for the young fellow old Dave was pushing along so fast.

"D. W. has done a lot for me," Roger began, "and I wouldn't want to go contrary to his wishes. I have an idea he wouldn't like this, but I can't let it pass without trying to do something about it."

"Ho! What are you getting at?" interrupted Timothy.

"D. W. has just fired a man I know pretty well—well enough to realize what it means to him. He's got a wife and a couple of kids, and while he's good, he hasn't much knack for getting on. You have influence in banking circles, I wondered if you wouldn't put in a good word somewhere along the line for him."

"Who is this fellow?"

"Lee Tyler; you met him at the Lodge some time ago."

"Oh, I see." Light dawned in Timothy's florid face. "Not big enough for one of Dave's little blowouts, eh? Takes a man to stand up to them. You did nobly, Roger."

Roger turned scarlet and Timothy chuckled contentedly.

"The Tylers are simple folk, Mr. Barnes," Roger went on. "Lee never could make the grade that way. He has to account for every minute of time away from his wife. . . . But he likes to do it, he hastened to explain.

"Pretty decent of you to try to help him out, Roger," Barnes said warmly. "But let me give you a tip; don't go stirring a finger in any of Dave's doings or you'll get a bounce on the head."

"I wouldn't approach any one but you on such a matter, Mr. Barnes," Roger declared sincerely.

Timothy Barnes chuckled again appreciatively. "You know, Roger, you have a faculty of saying the right thing; no wonder old Dave took you up."

Roger was silent. There were times when he did not know how to answer these men who spoke so openly of him as a puppet. Some day he would show the whole lot of them. Blast them!

"Well, you came to the right man," Timothy said pompously. "I'll see what I can do for your friend Tyler—and that'll be our secret."

"Thanks, Mr. Barnes," Roger said gratefully. But he couldn't refrain from thinking how much more grateful he would have been if Barnes had not made him so keenly aware of his position.

Timothy watched Roger stride through the outer office. If I had a son, he said to himself, I'd like him to grow up to be like that young fellow. It was a vain wish. Timothy had no sons—only two daughters.

Roger met Lee on the street a few weeks later. There was a note of triumph in Lee's voice as he told of his new position with the Bank of America. "As good as the one I had," he exclaimed cockily, "you see, old man, I'm not so hard to get along with out the Stars after all."

Lee's exalted resolutions would last if he ever held Tiffany Dorel in his arms. He congratulated Lee wholeheartedly and watched him swing jauntily away—more confident of his ability now.

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Blind-Man's-Buff By Florence Ruerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 19)

"Schlapp and Smith have this to say:

"These are the glands that make for aggressiveness and strong physical activity. They are the glands of that ideal of modern mediocrity, the go-getter, and it is not beyond the truth to say that this kind of criminal is usually no more than a go-getter gone wrong."

He laid down the book and nodded to us over his cigarette.

"In other words, beware of the Babbitts. If they don't get you one way, they will another." He crossed to the window and threw open the shutters. The dawn had come; the sky was no longer black but flushed a delicate pink. Already the hill above was touched with gold from the rising sun, and the trees were a tender, misty green.

"The storm is passed," Jimmy said softly. "We can look for help from the mainland."

"Now that we no longer need it," Mark put in, "I think you've explained everything."

"Not everything." A thought struck me and I rose to my feet, in somewhat belated indignation. "You haven't explained what you meant when you said, last evening, that you wouldn't tell me your plans because you'd seen me play the Third Murderer in Macbeth."

THE END.

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Your Hair is your Opportunity



Three things make for beauty perfection . . . lovely skin, beautiful teeth and perfectly kept hairdress . . . and the most important of these is your hairdress, and that's your greatest opportunity!

File hairs and beautiful society leaders everywhere are distinguished for their hairdress perfection . . . and no wonder, for most of them use HOLS-BOES exclusively!

Straight style and curved shape style HOLS-BOES are available everywhere in colors to match every type of beauty. The small, round heads are invisible in the hair, the smooth ends are non-scratching, the flexible tapered legs, one side crimped, keep every lock of hair securely in place. Use HOLS-BOES . . . insist upon them at your hairdresser; they make a perfect hairdress possible and keep it that way.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.



When a good little soldier turns rebel

Tears, needless tears . . . and angry little hands pushing away your own . . . angry little feet stamping up the stairs . . . a good little soldier suddenly turned rebel.

"No reason at all," you may think, for his outburst of petulance. But, mother . . . perhaps you are wrong.

A cause you may not suspect

Childhood's commonest ailment—constipation—is often the cause of these little flare-ups. True, your child's habits may seem regular—but as he grows away from the nursery, it becomes increasingly hard for you to be sure that he is not "tubbing" a little now and then. That his system is thoroughly cleared each day of accumulations, which, through intestinal obstruction, have a direct effect upon his nerves and normal development.

Balanced diet not entirely effective

In spite of your efforts to provide a properly balanced diet for him . . . in spite of ample

exercise—he may still suffer from constipation! For he simply won't be "bothered" when he is busy playing.

Look out for signs of unusual fretfulness. Watch your child's appetite, too. When he is fussy, irritable . . . when he merely picks at his food—no matter how pretty sure he needs a good laxative.

But, mother, select his laxative carefully. Some laxatives—those made for adult use—are much too strong for him. They may do him more harm than good, even when given in reduced doses.

Give him Fletcher's Castoria

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal children's laxative. It is a simple vegetable preparation made especially for them. It does not gripe, is not habit-forming, and is actually settling to delicate stomachs. It tastes good—children like to take it.

Your physician will tell you that Fletcher's Castoria contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is a gentle, safe, effective

remedy for the relief of constipation in children from baby age to 11 years. Purchase a bottle today at your druggist's. The family size is more economical (especially for 11-year-olds)—and look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children

from babyhood to 11 years

